AUG2987
TN S L U1891 DO
E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
PERIODICALS LIBR
THE SHERROD LIBR
JOHNSON CITY TN
595
3DC
3Z614

The Nation.

September 28, 1985 $1.25; U.K. 65p

AP
2
.N37

IAL

DM DO WE PROTECT?

President Reagan is in his free-trade mode this month, and Congress is programmed for protectionism. But the opposing forces are not eternally fixed; the choices between the principles of international commerce and the needs of domestic prosperity vary in relation to whose ox is being gored at what time. Legislators now want to help their constituents—that is, contributors—in local industries and labor pools adversely affected by foreign competition. The President is more interested in maintaining the existing international division of labor and capital, which is advantageous to the corporate class to which he has dedicated the best efforts of his Administration.

In other words, the contest between free trade and protectionism is about politics at least as much as it is about economics. Certainly the consequences of the decisions are felt in political terms. Protectionism, as an *ism*, is compounded of racist and chauvinist sentiments, expressed, for example, in Japan-bashing and contempt for cheap labor in the Third World. "Buy American" is a mixed blessing at best; it reinforces many of the worst aspects of America's image abroad. By the same token, freedom of trade boils down to freedom for business to exploit the world labor market without regard for human needs or public benefit, to play the poverty of Mexico or the Philippines, say, against the prosperity of Michigan and Massachusetts.

We *could* have it both ways, or almost. Where the need is greatest, selected sectors could be protected with government support for reindustrialization and community renewal, coupled with foreign economic—not military—aid. That is the only worthwhile approach. The way things are going now, we'll end up goring everybody's ox.

MEN IN WHITE
Edward Sorel

A WONKY DECADE?
Calvin Trillin

NICARAGUA'S MISKITOS—II
Penny Lernoux

FRANCE, RACISM AND THE LEFT
Daniel Singer

AN OCTET OF POETS

PUBLIC ART REVISITED
Arthur C. Danto

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS

WHY THE NEOCONS ARE LOSING OUT

ALAN WOLFE

"Today Soviet dissidents do not disappear by the millions into the gulag. They may be put under house arrest, stripped of their jobs, or be sent to mental hospitals—unjust, to be sure, but better than what used to happen to them in Stalin's time." Those relatively moderate words about the Soviet Union were not written by some disinformation specialist at *The Nation*. They appeared instead in the magazine that holds first place on Alexander Cockburn's infamy list: *The New Republic*. And their author was "neoconservative" Nathan Glazer.

The purpose of Glazer's essay was to remind us that some totalitarian states are worse than others. People like Norman Podhoretz and Jeane Kirkpatrick, who regard all Marxist states as totalitarian and equate them with Nazi Germany, downplay the "unique evil" of the latter, Glazer writes. Furthermore, their analysis is of little help in formulating foreign policy, since some Marxist states are expansionist and others are not. Bombastic anticommunism, Glazer seems to be suggesting, makes for both bad scholarship and simplistic diplomacy.

Ten years ago, the emergence of neoconservatism appeared to herald a major turning point in American intellectual history. This was, after all, a liberal country, perhaps *the* liberal country. It was news when a group of scholars and creative writers with outstanding credentials found fault with liberal and socialist ideals they once held. There were direct reverberations in American policy when they criticized the social programs of the 1960s, professed sympathy for big business and justified a military buildup

(Continued on Page 281)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

A MATTER OF CREDIBILITY

Berkeley, Calif.

We have read the article by Jon Wiener on the controversy surrounding David Abraham, as well as the letters from Henry Turner and Gerald Feldman, and Wiener's reply ["Footnotes to History," Feb. 16; "Letters," March 23]. It would take too long to explain why, on the basis of broad documentation, we object to Wiener's article, to his reply and to *The Nation*'s selective printing of a letter from Arno Mayer addressing Turner thus: "As Joseph Welch asked in the McCarthy hearings of sad memory, 'Sir, have you no shame? Have you no sense of decency?'" But we wish to draw attention to one significant item.

In the article, Wiener attributed to Timothy Tackett of Catholic University the statement that an article by Ulrich Nocken very critical of Abraham's book, "was rejected by the journal [*Vierteljahrschrift für Sozial und Wirtschaftsgeschichte*]. It never came out; maybe it never will. We were the victims of a vendetta." When Feldman pointed out in his letter to the editor that Nocken's piece had come out, Wiener wrote in his reply:

> The article the *V.S.W.G.* published in December is not the one Feldman distributed in February 1984. Several of Nocken's most serious criticisms have been eliminated, including his charges that "Abraham's errors have a systematic quality for the purpose of supporting his theses," that "the author breaks every rule for the proper handling of primary sources" and that in several cases he "seriously manipulated quotations."

The published article may contain some differences from a draft that we have not seen, but the "serious criticisms including his charges" have *not* been eliminated. Wiener's assertion is false.

Nocken's article is a "meticulous and persuasive critique," according to Gordon Craig of Stanford University, who also wrote after reading it: "I became convinced that we were dealing not with sloppiness but with manipulation of documents. . . . I tended originally to think [Turner's] reaction to the book [by Abraham] had been excessive. I was wrong and have made that clear to all parties to this controversy."

The Nation and Jon Wiener seem to be parties to the controversy. No matter what political opinions are held by the editors of a magazine, to the extent that this magazine wants to be taken seriously, it must have credibility in its presentation of issues. *The Nation* has on occasion fulfilled an important role in presenting issues from a point of view different from that of most of the press, and also in informing its readers better on certain issues than some newspapers with more extensive circulation. But in this instance, the credibility of the magazine is at stake. It is a matter of journalistic responsibility and integrity at this point that readers of *The Nation* should be informed of the content of Nocken's piece.

Serge Lang (Yale University Mathematics Department), Murray Protter and Abraham Taub (University of California, Berkeley, Mathematics Department)

WIENER REPLIES

Irvine, Calif.

Readers may be forgiven if they have forgotten the place of Ulrich Nocken in what is becoming known as the Gerald Feldman case. Nocken, a student of Feldman's, was unable to get a teaching job in the United States; Princeton University passed over him to hire David Abraham in 1977. As part of a crusade to destroy Abraham's career, Feldman sent departments considering hiring Abraham an attack on his scholarship written by Nocken, which, Feldman indicated, was "forthcoming" in the German journal *V.S.W.G.* The journal's editor, however, declared that the Nocken manuscript "will not be printed or appear" as submitted and that it was "circulated without our permission and ahead of time." Timothy Tackett's statement was a legitimate response to Feldman's misconduct.

My account of these events is not disputed by the three mathematicians. They do object to my account of changes Nocken made in the draft Feldman distributed, changes that made a revised version of the article publishable. However, the three mathematicians admit they "have not seen" the draft Feldman distributed; therefore they have no way of knowing what Nocken took out.

In their third paragraph, the fragment they extract from the quotation that appears above it is a misquote, and when you misquote documents in this case, you face demands that you be fired and stripped of your degrees and that your books be withdrawn from publication. I did not write that Nocken eliminated his "serious criticisms" of Abraham; I wrote that "several of Nocken's most serious criticisms" were cut. Numerous other criticisms remained—but I never denied that.

Gordon Craig's position in this dispute is nothing new, and the three mathematicians know it. In a letter, he told them he went on record in *The New York Times* last December. Readers who consult Abraham's response to Nocken, which will appear (in English) in the September issue of *V.S.W.G.*, are likely to conclude that Abraham did not manipulate documents, that he acknowledges his errors and that most of Nocken's examples of Abraham's errors are trivial.

There have been some new developments in the Gerald Feldman case. He has gone after Barbara Epstein of the University of Santa Cruz because she provided information to *The Nation*. She had been the source of my report that after Feldman interfered in the Santa Cruz hiring process, thirteen members of the department filed a protest with the American Historical Association and that charges were being brought against Feldman in the university's statewide academic senate. Feldman responded with a letter to Epstein ordering her to "cease and desist all harassment and intimidation by innuendo or by direct action forthwith" and threatening to bring charges against her and to seek "sanctions and penalties" for her violations of "my academic freedom and my academic privilege." Members of the Santa Cruz department then informed Feldman that they were dropping their plans to bring charges against him. Meanwhile, new charges against Feldman for violating Abraham's academic freedom were brought before a Berkeley Academic Senate committee by Michael Burawoy of the sociology department; that committee declined to rule on the question.

Henry Turner has also been busy. In May he sent out a fund-raising letter, quoting from my *Nation* article and requesting contributions to purchase an advertisement responding to it. The ad was to appear in the newsletter of the American Historical Association this month. Turner did manage to pull together $275, but A.H.A. executive director Sam Gammon decided not to publish the ad on advice of the association's counsel. The Feldman/Turner effort to deprive Abraham of employment has similarly been frustrated, at least for this year. He is now teaching on a one-year appointment at the New School for Social Research.

Jon Wiener

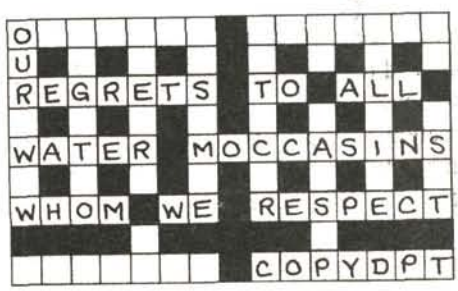
MIS _____ IN THE GRASS?

New York City

Oh, woe! Frank W. Lewis has feet of clay, which shocks many of us. In the solution to *The Nation*'s puzzle No. 2068 he spells it "water moccassin," apparently with the approval of the copy desk.

My, with Frank W. Lewis misspelling words and with Calvin Trillin campaigning to strike "whom" from the language, whither civilization as we know it?

Jack Orr



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 241, Number 9

LETTERS
266

EDITORIALS
265 Whom Do We Protect?
267 Heroes Are Made . . .
268 Oppose Miller
269 Puerto Rico Raid — *Michael Goldfarb*
270 Men in White — *Edward Sorel*

COLUMNS
271 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*
272 Dispatches — *Kai Bird and Max Holland*
274 Uncivil Liberties — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
265 The Failure of Success: Why the Neocons Are Losing Out — *Alan Wolfe*
275 Nicaragua's Miskitos—II: The Indians and the *Comandantes* — *Penny Lernoux*
279 Letter From Europe: France, Racism and the Left — *Daniel Singer*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
284 Fall Poetry Supplement
287 Herbert: Report From The Besieged City — *Mark Rudman*
288 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
290 Music — *David Hamilton*

Drawings by Frances Jetter

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Maria Margaronis; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Anthony Borden, Judith Long, Art Winslow; *Carey McWilliams Fellow,* Micah L. Sifry; *Editorial Secretary,* Marpessa Dawn Outlaw; *Interns,* Lee Feinstein, Michael Friedman, Theodore Hirsch, Kyle Kevorkian (Washington), Rosanna Perotti, Mai-Lan Pham, Ulrike Plewnia, Ellen Siff. *On leave,* Kai Bird, Katha Pollitt.

Departments: Art, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Andrew Kopkind; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Theater,* Paul Berman; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* David Acker, Christopher Bille, Carl Gottesman; *Nation Associates,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1985 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Office:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington DC 20002 (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $40; two years, $72; six months, $20. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publications date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Heroes Are Made . . .

When Italian partisans entered the Tuscan town of San Gimignano behind the fleeing Fascists, they toppled the statue of Mussolini that had adorned the central piazza and inscribed a motto on its base: "Blessed is the people that has no need of heroes." Peoples in the throes of liberation like to smash their icons, disavow their myths and begin to create new ideals and models. Societies bound to repressive authority, on the other hand, build ever bigger statues and adhere to stricter cults.

It's not hard to see which way the wind is blowing nowadays. The elevation of heroes is a full-time occupation for the media, and politicians regularly appeal for obedience to orthodox morality as if it were synonymous with citizenship. Celebrities are expected to fuel the bandwagon. Susan Akin, the new Miss America from Mississippi, pleased the arbiters of patriotic behavior by denouncing rock-and-roll, in one of the first dicta of her reign. Hardly a week goes by without one or another star performer denouncing the evils of drink and drugs, or promoting the virtues of hometown and the Statue of Liberty. If, as Andy Warhol said, everyone in the 1960s was entitled to fifteen minutes of celebrity, everyone today is eligible for a brief fling with heroism: the astronaut-of-the-month, the latest artificial heart recipient, the freed hostage, the megabucks lottery winner, the record-breaking baseball player or the latest sports champion. Win a basketball game and get a locker-

The Sherrod Library East Tennessee State University Johnson City, Tennessee 37614
SEP 30 1985
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room call from Ronald Reagan and a Rose Garden reception the next day.

Sports celebrities are favored candidates for heroism because they best meet the complex demands and fill the unique requirements for veneration in Reagan's America. They get prime-time media exposure; they make millions of dollars; they exhibit manly virtues, even when they are women; they are compulsively physical, habitually apolitical and usually God-fearing. What is equally important is that they are vulnerable to temptation and acquainted with sin. For heroism is always measured against failure, as winning must be validated by losing.

The baseball-and-drugs "scandal" is the cautionary tale in the heroic saga of the sport. Pete Rose (this month) expressed the positive lesson, but it was incomplete without its negative counterpart, the fallen idol. After all, the Book of Genesis would never have sold without the part about the Expulsion. Consumers of heroism need a balanced diet: they want to be told not only whom to venerate but whom to despise. Myths of every kind are composed of contradictory forces, the hero and the goat: Christ and Judas, George Washington and Benedict Arnold, Paradise and Inferno.

It's all too bad for the ballplayers who used cocaine and amphetamines; apparently the ratio of them to the "clean" players is about the same as would be found in the general population, adjusting for their higher salaries. After oil, illegal drugs make up the biggest industry in the country. The banking system in many states would be shattered if drug money suddenly stopped flowing, and some rural economies would collapse if the marijuana crop failed. Any investigation of truck drivers, stock traders, students and who knows what other group would surely turn up enough speedballers, pot smokers and coke snorters to swamp the judicial system.

But the baseball players now in court and on the nightly news should know that they were set up by the system, in the same way they are fashioned into heroes, for symbolic value. That system needs bums (also informers) along with champions, and it's anybody's guess who will be chosen for one role and not the other. In this atmosphere of social repression, traitors to the American way of life will be hauled up for judgment—not, or at least not yet, as they were in the 1950s, when political suspects were rounded up by Congressional committees. This time, the dupes are dopers, the radicals are rockers and the subversives pose nude for *Penthouse* rather than give secrets to the Russians. And they will pay for their sins not primarily with jail terms or political exile but with canceled contracts for commercial endorsements and a bum rap on *Entertainment Tonight*.

SPORTING NOTE

With the score standing at 31 to 31 and both sides claiming victory, Great Britain and the Soviet Union withdrew from the 1985 Spy Games. Maggie Thatcher, manager of the Whitehall Moles, charged that her opponents had sunk to tossing out Reuters correspondents and had doctored expellees with illegal spy dust. Kremlin Technocrats chief Mike Gorbachev countered: "The Brits were running out of people and they know it. We were blackball to blackball, and the other fellow blinked."

Some observers have called for an end to the spy games, saying they are dominated by domestic politics and have become a propaganda forum.

Oppose Miller

Senate confirmation hearings on the appointment of James C. Miller 3d, whom President Reagan picked to succeed David Stockman as director of the Office of Management and Budget, will begin on September 24. We think he is a perfect choice for the Administration—and a bad one for the country. Miller is one of the ultraconservative economists who were swept into Washington on Reagan's coattails and proceeded to lay waste the regulatory agencies. In 1981 he served as director of the O.M.B.'s office of information and regulatory affairs and, on the side, as executive director of Vice President Bush's deregulatory task force. In the former capacity, he was in charge of a policy under which the O.M.B. reviews and revises regulations for "cost effectiveness" before they are issued. That procedure has enabled the O.M.B. to delay or weaken dozens of rules, including those dealing with air and water quality, automobile safety and workplace noise reduction. Although the aim is efficiency, the upshot almost invariably is that the agency sides with industry. As Tim Miller reported in *The Nation*, aspirin manufacturers intervened in 1982 to block a proposal that their product bear a warning saying it could cause children with viral diseases like chicken pox and influenza to contract Reyes syndrome [see "The O.M.B. Writes a Prescription," March 31, 1984].

By then, however, James Miller had carried his antiregulatory philosophy to the Federal Trade Commission, where he sought to neutralize or obstruct consumer-protection measures, in depressing contrast to his predecessor, Michael Pertschuk. He refused to enforce the prohibition against price-fixing agreements between manufacturers and retailers and made it harder for the government to sue deceptive advertisers. He also approved numerous business mergers, including Texaco's takeover of Getty and Chevron's of Gulf. Miller preaches the free-enterprise gospel that "a well-functioning marketplace provides the most effective protection for consumers."

As budget director, he is expected to be a rubber stamp for the Administration, unlike the outspoken Stockman. He opposes tax increases and thinks the deficit is jim-dandy as long as business investment is up. And now that the O.M.B. has issued an order requiring all regulatory agencies to submit their annual budgets for approval, Miller will have greater control over their enforcement agendas than Stockman ever had.

Here we will let a former colleague of Miller's have the last word. In a report issued shortly before his term as com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missioner expired last year, Pertschuk offered this assessment of his chief's performance:

> The truth is that Jim Miller and his team were not the worst of the Reagan regulators. They were not crooks. They were not corrupt. They displayed virtues that must not be neglected in any fair assessment. But, part wittingly, part unwittingly, they have crippled the F.T.C. They have suppressed its energy, neglected its tasks, wasted its resources, while indulging in their own perverse forms of intellectual navel-watching. And they have driven the commission's patiently assembled human capital into reluctant exile in the private sector. While they have fiddled, consumers have been burned. Their policies can be repaired, but the extraordinary hemorrhaging of committed human capital painstakingly built over the ten years of the commission's renaissance may never be restored. And they have recklessly dissipated that modest store of public trust that the F.T.C. had begun to gather.
>
> . . .
>
> When government abandons all pretense of responsibility for restraining the excesses of the marketplace, do we not begin to lose our claim to a place among civilized nations? That brings me to what the lawyers call the gravamen of the complaint: that the government has been occupied these past four years by an alien crew who combine a poisonous mixture of messianic and bizarre economic theory with a truncated capacity for reacting to injustice. I have suggested that such policy and character feed on each other. But even if that were not so, neither has served us well.

Puerto Rico Raid

"We will not yield or succumb, nor will we respond to terrorist violence with equally repressive measures. Instead, we will seek by lawful means to identify, arrest and prosecute those who defy our laws." So said Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d and F.B.I. chief William Webster in a joint communiqué announcing the arrest of eleven Puerto Rican nationalists accused of participating in the September 1983 robbery of a Wells Fargo depot in West Hartford, Connecticut.

In the predawn hours of August 30, heavily armed F.B.I. agents in cars and helicopters fanned out across Puerto Rico. The 200 Feds arrested eleven people, confiscated papers from the houses of some twenty others and impounded the printing press of *Pensamiento Critico*, a leftist magazine based in Rio Piedras.

Coqui Santaliz, a journalist, poet and past president of Puerto Rico PEN, was one of those whose homes were raided, and her experience was typical. At 6:30 A.M. she was roused from her bed at gunpoint, prevented from dressing or using the toilet and denied permission to make a telephone call. Although a search warrant had been issued, the agents did not have it with them. Nevertheless, they seized manuscripts and photographic negatives that Santaliz was to use in a study of Puerto Rican culture. The mood turned distinctly unpleasant when an agent found her script of an antinuclear play for children. The appearance of the word "bomb" in the text set off much shouting and gun waving. The agents lingered in her house (and those in the helicopter hovered over it) until late afternoon. Santaliz was not taken into custody, however.

Similar incursions happened all over the island. The heavy-handed operation evoked a storm of protest in the press, and the Puerto Rican Civil Rights Commission held public hearings on the operation on September 17 and 18. It has taken more than a fortnight for the whole story to reach the mainland, partly because the raid took place Labor Day weekend and partly because the U.S. press accepted the Meese-Webster line that it was a major blow against a communist terror network operating in the Western Hemisphere.

One of the few stories on the incident appeared in the September 8 issue of *The New York Times*, buried on page 38. Written by Manuel Suarez of *The San Juan Star*, the article consists mainly of unchallenged assertions by F.B.I. agent Richard Held, who headed the operation, that the Bureau was on the verge of breaking up a major Puerto Rican terrorist group. (If Held's name sounds familiar it's because he took part in the F.B.I.'s assault on members of the American Indian Movement at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, in 1973.)

One wonders how this story would have been played if the raids had taken place in Gdansk, if the printing press had belonged to Solidarity, if those held at gunpoint had been Polish intellectuals and if those wielding the weapons had been agents of the Jaruzelski regime.

MICHAEL GOLDFARB

Michael Goldfarb is a freelance writer living in New York City.

THE $27 MILLION JACKPOT, OR SO MUCH FOR 'HUMANITARIAN' AID

Adolfo Calero Portocarrero, leader of the Nicaraguan Democratic Force, said he expected to continue to use [private and foreign contributions] for weaponry because the $27 million authorized by Congress is for nonmilitary use such as food and medicine.

He said no effort would be made to circumvent United States law and use the new money for military purposes. "I know enough about U.S. law not to fool with something like that," he said. "But it will free other money for weapons."

—*The New York Times*, August 13

The rebels, for their part, are also trying to expand their air fleet, which is estimated at about half a dozen craft. Mr. Calero said his guerrilla force would soon seek to purchase at least two helicopters, paying for them with money recently appropriated by Congress for nonmilitary aid to rebel groups.

—*The New York Times*, September 9

SHSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men in White

EDWARD SOREL

WHAT REALLY GETS ME IS THE UNFAIRNESS OF IT ALL!
THIS HOT-SHOT TAKES OVER THE THIRD-LARGEST BROKERAGE HOUSE AND ONE YEAR LATER IT'S BANKRUPT... DOES ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
THE PHILLY POLICE CHIEF TRIES TO CAPTURE SOME CRAZY CULT AND INSTEAD BURNS DOWN HALF THE CITY... DOES ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
AND WHAT ABOUT THAT MOVIE DIRECTOR WHO MADE A THREE-HOUR WESTERN THAT LOST FORTY MILLION DOLLARS... DID ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
OF COURSE NOT!!! BUT I LEAVE ONE LOUSY RUBBER GLOVE IN SOME DAME'S STOMACH AND I'M SUED FOR TWO MILLION!!!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO EQUAL INCOMPETENCE BEFORE THE LAW?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On Thursday afternoon, September 12, Senator Richard Lugar, Republican of Indiana, chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and darling of the allegedly "moderate" Reaganites, perpetrated a minor theft and a major fraud. He walked to the front of the Senate chamber, grabbed the text of the Anti-Apartheid Act from the desk and flounced out. The direct and intended result of this pilfering is that the bill cannot be called up for a vote; the indirect and unintended result is that the waiting world will see the maturity, compassion and honesty of this Administration, displayed to its most radiant extent.

Why Lugar's action didn't get a headline I don't know. He and his majority leader, Senator Robert Dole, have bogus reputations for statesmanship. On the great foreign policy issue of the moment, which is Ronald Reagan's indulgence of Piet Botha, Lugar had spoken only five days previously in sonorous tones. He said that to abandon the antiapartheid bill because of Presidential disapproval was "not my style." He added, with extreme unction: "I hope the President carefully reads the bill. All of the old arguments about somehow hurting black employment or hurting the economy of the country that is a friend are not valid." Faced with the near certainty of a Reagan veto on any effective sanctions bill, he inflated his chest and intoned, "I am not prepared to damage the fabric and trust and enthusiasm we have established over one veto at this point." An ill-written but ostentatiously moralistic essay by the Senator in *The Washington Post* of September 6 had made many of the same points. Yet here is the scene that took place in the chamber on the following Thursday:

> ROBERT BYRD: I ask the distinguished majority leader if he would be agreeable to a unanimous-consent request to let it be in order to order the yeas and nays on the [antiapartheid bill] conference report.
>
> DOLE: No, I have considered that during the vote and I would be constrained to object to that request. . . . I am also advised the distinguished chairman of the committee now has the papers.
>
> BYRD: He does?
>
> DOLE: Yes.
>
> BYRD: . . . Mr. President, the taking of the papers from the desk by the distinguished chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Lugar, makes it impossible now for any senator to move to proceed to the consideration of the conference report. That is the effect of his having taken possession of the papers. I am sorry that has occurred.

Senator Edward Kennedy then inquired if there was any precedent for the action taken by Lugar, asking whether the chair of the Foreign Relations Committee had a pocket veto these days. That was a witty question, but it was hardly the crucial one. What Lugar showed by his desperate and puerile action was that the advertised distinction between proapartheid and antiapartheid Reaganites is fictitious.

Over the past few weeks, while the President has been making an idiot of himself yet again on the issue, the Botha lobby has been fighting back. It has been meeting in the White House itself, in the office of Patrick Buchanan. Buchanan, who tried unsuccessfully to become Ambassador to South Africa after the collapse of his boss Richard Nixon, has been hosting and mobilizing the ultraright and making war on Republican waverers. Attenders of his meetings were drawn from the Heritage Foundation, the Conservative Caucus and the usual bunch of big-mouth, God-bothering fund-raisers.

The apartheid regime knows Washington and knows that it has allies. Botha's door-slamming speech of August 15 borrowed the imagery and argument of Jeane Kirkpatrick in its appeal to the United States not to let white supremacy go the way of Somoza and the Shah. *Commentary* has reciprocated by giving itself over to a long, foam-flecked defense of apartheid by my old friend Paul Johnson, the messianic British pamphleteer. Having been caught off guard and having sneered at the antiapartheid protesters for almost a year, the right is doing some catching up.

Reagan's "package" of sanctions, designed specifically for its visibility and its ineffectiveness, provides a breathing space for this regroupment and an alibi for the fainthearted. Like the circus band that plays in time with the lumbering elephant to give the impression that the elephant is moving in time with the band, the White House times its insincere criticisms of Pretoria to coincide with "reformist" statements by the regime. Short-term credit can be earned this way in the eyes of the extremely credulous, of whom there are many specimens in the Republican ranks. But it must be dawning on even the most gullible that apartheid is a totalitarian system even by Kirkpatrick's standards, that this system has no intention of abolishing itself and that it certainly will not do so as long as it continues to enjoy the sufferance of Washington.

But in their sweatiest dreams, the Botha Cabinet could hardly have imagined Senator Lugar doing them such a favor. To debauch Senate procedure, and to eat his own easy words of the previous weeks, just to oblige an ally? I telephoned Lugar's office, and was eventually connected to a fine young spokesman. He said that the theft of the bill was Lugar's "prerogative." I asked if this prerogative had ever been exercised before, by any administration. He said that he could not immediately recall a precedent (nor has he been able to since our talk). Asked why Lugar had reversed himself so abjectly, he replied that there had been great offense at Senator Kennedy's partisan remarks of two days before. Why, Kennedy had even called the Republican Party the party of apartheid. Well, Lugar certainly chose a unique way of refuting that allegation, and he acted in the spirit of the President, who, faced with the utter discredit of "constructive engagement," has made Jerry Falwell his foreign policy point man.

* * *

As a footnote to my last column, I urge you all to send what you can to a fund for the family of Fernando Pereira, the murdered Greenpeace volunteer: Greenpeace/Rainbow Fund, 1611 Connecticut Ave., Washington, DC 20009.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISPATCHES.

■ WASHINGTON: A Toothless Report

In June the General Accounting Office released its report on U.S. government assistance to Nazi war criminals and Axis collaborators after World War II. More than four years in the writing, the report was supposed to examine whether there were concerted Federal efforts to help such people conceal their backgrounds and immigrate to the United States, and whether U.S. intelligence agencies protected Klaus Barbie, former Gestapo chief in Lyons, France.

On the latter question the G.A.O. perfunctorily corroborates a 1983 Justice Department report on Barbie, which concluded that the protection offered Barbie was the errant work of a handful of low-level U.S. intelligence operatives. On the larger question, it couches its analysis in ambiguous and exculpatory language. After stating that members of the Gestapo, S.S. and Eastern European fascist organizations were knowingly employed by the U.S. intelligence community, the authors approvingly cite a former intelligence officer's assessment: "The use of some of these aliens may have been a mistake but it was a mistake committed without malice."

The manner in which the report deals with Nazi collaborator Stanislaw Stankievich is more disturbing. In case studies of five unnamed aliens who received assistance from unidentified intelligence agencies, Stankievich is referred to only as Subject B. He is described as having been denounced by the United Nations in 1947 for his involvement in massacres of several thousand civilians, mostly Jews, in his native Byelorussia. The report then acknowledges that "B" received assistance in immigrating to the United States in return for helping an unnamed intelligence agency arrest and convict a Soviet agent in 1951. But it neatly plays down the fact that "B" was hired by the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps in 1948, according to a top-secret A.C.I.C. report, and subsequently held a high-level position with the Munich-based Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism, which was part of the C.I.A.-financed Radio Liberty network.

Stankievich's background has been known since 1982, when John Loftus, an attorney with the Justice Department's war crimes unit, published *The Belarus Secret*. In a recent interview, Loftus told us:

> There was an across-the-board utilization of Nazi émigré groups [by U.S. intelligence]—very large, very organized groups of fugitive Nazis who traded intelligence for silence. The G.A.O. overlooked the entire question of how an entire Nazi underground population was able to relocate in the United States.

But is the report a cover-up? Martin Mendelsohn, general counsel to the Simon Wiesenthal Center and for several years a chief attorney in the Justice Department's unit, told our assistant, Kyle Kevorkian:

> "Cover-up" implies a seriousness of purpose and a deliberateness of policy. . . . People just don't want to know what happened. The G.A.O. reflects what the Congress wants—always. The G.A.O. provides a rationale for action and, I think in this case, for inaction.

A few lonely voices on Capitol Hill are demanding something more than this half-baked inquiry, but where, one wonders, is the vaunted Jewish-American lobby? In response to prodding by Representative Barney Frank, Representative Peter Rodino, chair of the House Judiciary Committee, has said he will push for hearings on the report. But to get to the bottom of this story might require the election of Brooklyn District Attorney Elizabeth Holtzman to the Senate in 1986. While serving in Congress during the late 1970s, Holtzman was instrumental in forcing the Justice Department to come to grips with this unsavory history.

■ CAPITOL HILL: Dumping the Pell Amendment

The following tale reveals the feebleness of the Democrats' opposition to Ronald Reagan's Nicaragua policy. While the Senate was considering the 1986 foreign aid bill in the spring, Senator Claiborne Pell introduced an amendment that would curtail aid funneled to the Nicaraguan *contras* via countries receiving U.S. aid or arms. He had been disturbed by news reports about aid flowing to the *contras* via third countries at a time when Congress had banned direct U.S. aid. The amendment, passed by the full Senate last May, included this provision:

> The United States shall make no agreement and shall enter into no understanding, either formal or informal, under which a recipient of United States economic or military assistance or a purchaser of United States military equipment shall provide assistance of any kind to persons or groups engaging in an insurgency or other act of rebellion against the Government of Nicaragua.

Senator Richard Lugar, head of the Foreign Relations Committee, strongly opposed the amendment but was eager to get a "clean" foreign aid bill approved his first time out as committee chair. He decided not to challenge it, reasoning that there would be an opportunity to weaken it when House and Senate conferees met to resolve the differences in their respective aid bills.

But that was a tactical mistake. When the conference committee met on July 25, two attempts were made to change Pell's language during the arduous twelve-hour negotiating session. Both fell short because the conferees devoted most of their energy to debating whether "humanitarian" aid to the *contras* would be distributed by the State Department, as the House wanted, or by the Pentagon and the C.I.A., the Senate's preference. The Pell amendment emerged unchanged.

At that point the White House erupted. National security adviser Robert McFarlane told a chagrined Lugar that Reagan would veto the bill unless Congress scrapped the Pell amendment. According to one interpretation, Pell's language could have resulted in a cut in the $27 million aid package equal to the amount being provided to the *contras* by other countries. (These donors reportedly include Israel, Saudi Arabia, Taiwan, South Korea and, according

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

to one source, Venezuela.) The veto threat was unusual given that the bill, with its aid to the *contras* and funding for police in El Salvador and Honduras, was a Christmas treat for Reagan's Central America policy-makers.

From July 27 through 29, Congressional staff members sat down to draft the final version of the bill and the conference report. These sessions are usually limited to correcting grammar. Instead, after tedious negotiations among Pell, Lugar and Administration officials, the Pell amendment was changed substantively to read as follows:

> The United States shall not enter into any arrangement conditioning, expressly or impliedly, the provision of assistance under this act or the purchase of defense articles and services under the Arms Export Control Act upon the provision of assistance by a recipient to persons or groups engaging in an insurgency or other act of rebellion against the Government of Nicaragua.

The conferees not only botched the grammar, they performed radical surgery on the amendment. Its tortured language bars the United States from making aid to third countries conditional on their providing assistance to the *contras*. As originally written, the amendment was far broader in scope because it barred the Administration from negotiating any arrangement wherein third countries would aid the *contras*.

The particulars of the deal Lugar cut with Pell are not known, but the surgery could not have occurred without Pell's approval. Meanwhile, House Democrats, led by Foreign Affairs Committee chair Dante Fascell, washed their hands of the affair when they had every right to protest. Fascell figured that since the amendment originated in the Senate, the House would agree to any language acceptable to Pell. Not one senator or representative objected to the change when the bill came up for the final vote. The conference report claimed that the "substitute is the same as the Senate provision with a technical change for the sake of clarity."

What makes the Democrats look even worse is that the Pell amendment was a watered-down version of one proposed earlier by Senator Christopher Dodd. Dodd's amendment would have outright prohibited recipients of U.S. aid or arms from giving any tangible support to the *contras*. It lost in committee on a tie vote, after liberal Democrat Joseph Biden voted with the Republicans.

■ ISRAEL: The Krytron Affair

With all the attention the press is lavishing on the Walker family spy ring, one would think that the mysterious disappearance of Richard Kelly Smyth—the man accused of smuggling nuclear bomb triggers, or krytrons, to Israel—would arouse considerable interest. Smyth, who was out on $100,000 bail, failed to show up for his scheduled pretrial hearing on August 14. Aside from a brief report in the *Los Angeles Times*, the press has ignored the story. Smyth's lawyer, Alan I. Croll, says he has not heard from Smyth and theorizes he may be a victim of foul play.

It is more likely that Smyth was encouraged to skip the country by Israeli officials fearful of what he might divulge in an open courtroom about their illegal efforts to import nuclear weapons technology. The grand jury indictment accuses Smyth of shipping a total of 810 krytrons to Israel between January 1980 and December 1982, in violation of the Arms Export Control Act. At the time of his indictment in May, Smyth was working as a consultant on aerospace guidance systems for Milco International, which regularly advises the Pentagon on military contracts and exports.

The krytrons were shipped to the Heli Trading Company in Tel Aviv, which is owned by Arnon Milchan, who had been Smyth's partner in military sales to the Israeli Defense Ministry. *Time* reported that the ultimate destination of the nuclear triggers was Israel's Bureau for Scientific Coordination, the agency which runs the country's nuclear weapons program. The Israeli Defense Ministry denies that allegation but confirms that the krytrons were imported and that Israel "was not aware of any ban" on purchasing them.

The U.S. State Department is playing down the incident, emphasizing that no Israelis were named in the indictment. The Israelis have returned, at the State Department's request, those krytrons "remaining in stock," presumably keeping the ones that are in use.

■ SOUTH KOREA: Repression as Usual

The 1988 Olympics in Seoul are apparently still far enough in the future for the South Korean authorities not to worry about the country's image abroad. The beginning of the school year has seen the stationing of as many as 400 plainclothes policemen at every major university. If more than two or three students gather together, a score of policemen rush from buses that serve as their off-campus lounges and break up the group.

The press is subjected to the same bullying tactics. On August 24, a Chinese IL-28 light bomber, whose pilot wanted to defect, crash-landed south of Seoul. According to the Ministry of National Defense's account of the incident, the plane had crashed because it ran short of fuel "while our Air Force aircraft were guiding it" to an airport. In fact, the Chinese bomber, flying no higher than 6,400 feet, had eluded South Korea's air defense system; there was no scramble of jet fighters.

Several days after the crash, the prestigious Seoul daily *Dong-A Ilbo* published its scoop. The next day the South Korean intelligence agency ordered managing editor Lee Chae Chu, political editor Lee Sang Ha and reporter Kim Chung Shik to appear at its offices. The three men were detained for three days and severely beaten. *Dong-A Ilbo*, a relatively independent voice since its founding in 1920, has long been a target of the government's ire. In 1980 most of the newspaper's reporters and editors were fired by government edict. Only in the past six months has it resumed publishing the daring articles for which it was known. Consider the beatings the government's letter to the editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Don't believe what they're telling you about the fifties. I was there, and it wasn't anything like they say it was. There were not a lot of wonky little guys with bow ties running around. Not many at all. Also, people were not complacent. Speaking for myself, I was always on the alert for wonky little guys with bow ties, and whenever I ran across one, I was not afraid to tell him that the presence of too many people of his sort would give the decade an enduring reputation for weirdness. So I don't know where they get all this complacent business.

I suspect that nothing they tell you about the twenties is true, either. I wasn't there, so I can't say for sure. My Uncle Harry was, though, and he has assured me that it wasn't anything like they say it was. For instance, my Uncle Harry never met any flappers. We're talking now about a man who was there the entire time. This is not a person who walked into the twenties late. This is not a person who ducked out to get some popcorn in 1928 and failed to return. My Uncle Harry was there for the long haul, and he never laid eyes on a flapper. He never had any bathtub gin either; he didn't even have a bathtub. Uncle Harry doesn't know where they got all this bathtub gin business.

I don't know what the Gay Nineties were like, but I suspect they were dour. The decadists are almost always wrong. During what they're always calling the Turbulent Sixties, for instance, my Uncle Harry hardly moved off the porch. The only decade they aren't wrong about is the first decade of the century, and that's only because they have never said anything about it. They haven't said anything about it because they don't know what to call it. You can't talk about the Turbulent Single Digits.

I know what the decadists would say if they heard me talking this way. They'd say, "That just shows what a fifties person he is." That just shows how much they know. I'm not a fifties person; I'm a forties person. The decadists always assume that everyone acquired his style from the decade of his college years, but as it happens, I acquired my style in elementary school. If you don't believe that, just look at the people who went to Hale H. Cook Grade School, in Kansas City, Missouri, during the forties. There's something there. We're not turbulent and we don't drink bathtub gin and we're not complacent. We're more like people were in the Single Digits, except, of course, that we hoard bubble gum and nylons.

It may be that my being from Missouri has something to do with my reluctance to believe anything about anything I didn't see with my own eyes. Missouri is the Show Me State. I don't know why. Once, when I was back there, I tried to find out the origin of the name, but every time someone offered an idea of how it must have come about, everyone else in the conversation started saying things like "Oh, c'mon!" and "Show me the evidence for that" and "Tell it to your grandma!" That's the way things are in Missouri.

I think that even people who aren't from Missouri believe a lot less history than they let on. Take a little matter like believing that historical figures actually existed. How many people believe that, say, Genghis Khan existed? Everyone? Wait a minute. I don't mean simply believing that there must have been somebody leading those Mongol hordes and that Genghis Khan sounds like the right sort of name for a horde leader and that if it wasn't precisely Genghis Khan it was a series of horde leaders with names that amount to the same thing in translation. I don't mean simply assuming that Genghis Khan must have existed because everybody's always talking about him and you always see him in those horde movies with bad dubbing. I mean believing that he definitely existed—believing it in a way that would allow you to give the sort of assurance we forties people usually express as "cross my heart and hope to die." I mean believing that there was a man who lived from 1167 to 1227, that he led Mongol hordes and that he was so particular about his name being Genghis Khan that any scribe who handed him a proclamation that left the "h" out of Genghis (a common error in those days) could count on being added to the evening's shish kebab. Now I think I see some hands being lowered in the back of the room.

When I was in college—that was in the fifties, but I was already set in my ways—there was a widespread academic joke about a graduate student at Princeton having written his doctoral dissertation on the proposition that the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* were not written by Homer but by a blind Greek of the same name. The joke was told as a comment on hairsplitting among graduate students, but that's not the way I took it. I took it as an indication that even these fifties college people, most of them not from Missouri and a significant number of them not bubble gum hoarders, were not certain that Homer had actually existed. If Homer's up for grabs and Shakespeare had always been iffy, I asked them, how could they be so sure about Chaucer? There were people who accused me of being a Philistine for saying things like that. It's no fun being called a Philistine, of course, but it hurts a lot less if you happen to be a person who is not absolutely certain that a Near Eastern people called the Philistines definitely existed.

The only difference between me and those people who think they have no Missouri tendencies is where we draw the line—which historical figure is the earliest one we're absolutely dead certain about. Now we're coming down to it. Here goes. George Washington. Mine is George Washington. I'm sure he existed. After all, they've got his teeth. I'm not saying that historical figures before George Washington didn't exist; I'm merely saying that I wouldn't cross my heart about them. I'm pleased that Washington is my man—partly because he was known in his day as a forties person. In the eighteenth century, as it happens, being a forties person had pretty much the same connotation as being a fifties person does today. People in the 1740s eschewed complacency and often did the samba. Significantly, none of the portraits of George Washington show him in a bow tie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

NICARAGUA'S MISKITOS—II

The Indians and The *Comandantes*

In Part I, Penny Lernoux described the sources of the deep-seated hostility between the Sandinistas and the Indians, and the latter's demands for more autonomy. Relations reached a low ebb in February 1981, with the arrest of thirty-three Indian leaders and an ensuing skirmish in the village of Prinzapolka, in which four Indians and four Nicaraguan soldiers were killed. —*The Editors*

PENNY LERNOUX

But for a handful of human rights organizations, few outsiders have understood the Prinzapolka affair and the flight of thousands of Miskitos the following month. At the heart of the matter were mutual distrust and the thorny issue of land rights. As the Denmark-based International Work Group for Indigenous Affairs noted, the Sandinista "policy of continually delaying the land negotiations and at the same time stepping up the military control on the Miskito coast" led to a hardening in Miskito attitudes which, in turn, fueled the Sandinistas' suspicions.

Things came to a head in December 1981 with the so-called Red Christmas plot, the Sandinistas' name for an alleged plan by the *contras* to seize the Miskito territories. Twenty-eight *contras*, including two Miskitos, attacked the Indian border town of San Carlos and captured, mutilated and killed six Sandinista soldiers in the aftermath. According to a team from the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (I.A.C.H.R.), an agency of the Organization of American States which investigated the incident, Sandinista soldiers at the border post of Leimus retaliated by capturing thirty-five unarmed Miskitos who were passing through the town on their way from work to their villages to celebrate Christmas. Some were taken to the river and shot; others were buried alive. (According to Americas Watch, approximately seventeen were killed.) The Defense Ministry insisted that the Miskitos died while trying to escape and that the list of those who had been detained at Leimus had been lost, a story the I.A.C.H.R. found "unsatisfactory." In January the Nicaraguan government forced 8,500 Miskitos to leave their villages along the Coco River and settle in government camps to the south known as Tasba Pri ("Free Land" in the Miskito language).

The I.A.C.H.R. recognized that the Sandinistas had good reason to worry about *contra* attacks in the border region, but it raised the question of whether the resettlement was a temporary security measure or a permanent relocation. The latter would have been a violation of the right of residence and movement set forth in the American Convention on Human Rights, of which Nicaragua is a signatory. Sociologists and journalists who investigated the situation also questioned whether there ever was a Red Christmas offensive. The murder of six Sandinistas and the several other minor skirmishes that took place were serious matters, but they hardly constituted a massive invasion. In any case, the incidents marked a turning point in the strained relations between the Indians and the government. Soon the Miskito refugee population in Honduras had exploded to 10,000, and many of the younger Indians remaining in Nicaragua turned to guerrilla warfare.

The relocation of 3,000 Indians to state-owned coffee plantations in north central Nicaragua in November and December 1982 confirmed for the Miskitos that the government intended to use them as forced labor. Jim Anaya, an Apache lawyer who visited the plantations last year, said the workers were housed in decrepit barracks built under the Somoza regime, "twenty to thirty people living in 3 meter by 7 meter units in terrible conditions." Worst of all, the Indians had been cut off from their families.

The Sandinistas portrayed the relocations in a different light. They pointed out that in most of the new camps the Miskitos had access to schools and health services and the opportunity to farm better land. But in a culture based on spiritual identification with village life and subsistence farming, such advantages are secondary. "Medicine and education are nice," said Anaya, "but not when you're in a prison. Such things mean nothing in terms of the survival of the Indian." Also, the uprooting dramatized the issue the Indians had been raising all along, the right to own and work their ancestral lands. "All nontitled lands belong to the state, and most of the Indian lands are untitled," he said. "Although the Indians have been living on them for centuries throughout a clearly identified territory, suddenly they have no control over their lands. That goes to the very soul of Indian culture."

Unfortunately, what most non-Indians, whatever their ideological outlook, fail to understand is that the Miskitos do not measure progress in Western terms. Few outsiders who visited Tasba Pri could understand why anyone would not be happy there. Only "witchcraft" and "backwardness," according to Interior Minister Tomás Borge Martinez, could explain the Indians' refusal to embrace the opportunity to live there.

But as far as the Sandinista leaders were concerned, more than superstition was involved. The revelation that Miskito leader Steadman Fagoth was working for the *contras* contributed to their belief that Miskito unrest was the work of the Central Intelligence Agency, particularly since the Reagan Administration devoted so much effort to publicizing the affair. In fact, Fagoth represents only one faction among the Indians, and Miskito leader Armstrong Wiggins says that most Indians are fed up with Fagoth's C.I.A. friends. This past August, Fagoth was arrested by a Hon-

Penny Lernoux is The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duran Army battalion stationed in Mocorón, near the Nicaraguan frontier. An army spokesman said Fagoth had sought refuge in Honduras from his former followers in Misura, a claim confirmed by Nicaraguan sources, who reported that Misura leaders in the Coco River region had turned on Fagoth. On September 9 the Honduran government deported Fagoth for the second time this year.

On the other hand, Brooklyn Rivera, leader of Misurasata, the main Miskito political group, has attracted increasing support because he stands solely for indigenous rights. Although he made a tactical alliance with Edén Pastora Gomez, Rivera broke with the Costa Rican-based Revolutionary Democratic Alliance (ARDE) when it joined the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.) in Honduras in July 1984. In June, Misurasata and Misura signed the Miami Pact to establish peaceful negotiations between them. Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra and other government leaders have recognized that Rivera never intended to overthrow the government and that he has repeatedly sought talks with the Sandinistas. He also enjoys the backing of local Miskito guerrilla commanders.

Last October, Rivera returned to Nicaragua after three years of exile. The way was paved by secret talks in New York City between him and President Ortega, arranged through the intervention of Senator Edward Kennedy with support from French President François Mitterrand. Predictably the State Department tried to dissuade Rivera from going back. The *contras* in Costa Rica attempted to buy off Rivera's people, and Fagoth threatened to kill him.

Under pressure from sympathizers in Europe and Latin America and because of their own changing views, the Sandinistas agreed to negotiate with Misurasata. The rebellion had become a serious drain on state finances, and the Sandinistas had been unable to develop an effective Miskito organization of their own. They had sponsored a group called Misatan, which was elected in the Tasba Pri settlements but which does not enjoy the trust of the village leaders or most Miskitos, according to North American Indians who accompanied Rivera on a tour of the Miskito communities last year. "They [Misatan members] followed us around heavily armed, heckling Rivera, who got lots of support," said Jim Anaya. "At one meeting where there were at least 700 Indians, fifteen of these Misatan people started a Sandinista chant, but they had to stop after three chants because no one would join in. It was embarrassing."

If the war has taken a heavy toll on Sandinista resources, it has meant starvation and death for many Miskitos: up to half of the Atlantic coast Indian population has been displaced, with more than 10,000 refugees living in Honduras. Consequently the Indians want peace, provided the Sandinistas recognize certain basic land and cultural rights. Rivera said that Ortega and Luis Carrión, the Deputy Minister of the Interior named to head the talks, told him in Managua that the government also desired a cease-fire and promised the Miskitos at least the local autonomy granted to Panama's Kuna Indians in the San Blas Islands.

The first meeting was held last December in Bogotá, Colombia, chosen as the site because of President Belisario Betancur's strong support for the Contadora process. Misurasata came to the meeting with a long list of topics for discussion. Some of the Indians' demands were unrealistic, such as government recognition of indigenous control over all natural resources in Moskitia, as the Indians' lands are known. Recently, however, the Sandinistas acceded to one important demand: the waiver of identity cards for Indians and Creoles. (No Latin American country allows its citizens such a privilege.)The shopping list was only a starting point, however. The more unreasonable demands might have been eliminated in the bargaining process if the Nicaraguans had been willing to discuss two crucial conditions: demilitarization of the Indian villages and acceptance of some form of local autonomy that would respect cultural traditions, land rights and natural resources like forests and fishing. Rivera emphasized that his people want to maintain their ethnic identity within the framework of the revolution.

Contrary to the belief in some quarters that they are being manipulated by outside powers, the Miskitos know exactly what they want, as shown by Rivera's repeated refusal to bow to pressures for negotiations from the U.S. Embassy in Costa Rica. They allied themselves with the right solely for tactical purposes. As Rivera told me, "All the *contras* . . . are dedicated to dirty manipulation against us. They are trying to destroy us." As for the Reagan Administration, it "is not in the least interested in the real causes of the Indians' rebellion." Nor could it be otherwise, since recognition of Miskito rights would open the dike to similar demands by Indians in client states like Guatemala and Honduras, not to mention in the United States.

The Indians, according to Rivera, could be the Sandinistas' best defense against a foreign invasion if they were given a stake in the revolution. But the Sandinistas refused to respond to any of Misurasata's proposals, and after an aborted meeting in January they returned to negotiations in March with the apparent intention of dragging their feet indefinitely. To Misurasata, the tactic was a familiar one. The organization had been faced with it since 1982, when the I.A.C.H.R. sought to encourage the two sides to engage in serious talks. The international group washed its hands of the affair after months of stalling by the Sandinistas, who refused to meet with Misurasata on the ground that it was the agent of a foreign power. Later, Carrión stated that "there are no known organic ties between Misurasata and any foreign power."

By the time of the March meeting in Bogotá, word had got around among the hemisphere's tribes that Misurasata was having problems with the Sandinistas. Thirty-three North, Central and South American Indian leaders showed up in the Colombian capital, much to the Nicaraguans' surprise. Russell Means, head of the American Indian Movement (AIM), spoke for the group when he observed that the Sandinistas could make a choice "between a shovel and a gun." If they reached a compromise with Misurasata, the Indian leaders would support the Sandinistas in their confrontation with Washington; if they did not, the Indians would openly oppose them. "The supporters of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ruth Messinger, New York City Councilor

"In These Times provides a unique filter for the world—a quick review of urban, labor, international, women's and cultural news from a people's perspective."

"I look forward to reading *In These Times* each week. It has articles and insights I find nowhere else."
—Studs Terkel

"*In These Times*' spirit is inviting, not narrowly sectarian. You get a sense of solidity, of facts and ideas in constructive combination."
—Gloria Steinem

"*In These Times* is a fresh and badly needed voice in independent left journalism."
—I.F. Stone

With a perspective you won't find anywhere else, look to *In These Times* for weekly coverage of the nation, the world and the arts. You'll find incisive reporting, thoughtful analysis, timely reviews and exciting design. Subscribe today.

☐ I want a year of ITT for $29.50.
☐ I'll get ITT at the Student/Retired rate of $19.50.
☐ I'll try ITT for six months at $15.95.
☐ My payment is enclosed. ☐ Bill me in six weeks.

Name_____
Address_____
City/State/Zip_____

In These Times, 1300 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657

SXW5

IN THESE TIMES

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicaraguan government need to understand that this is a Fourth World struggle," Means said. "The Miskitos are in the Fourth World, and the Sandinistas in the Third. We stand with the native peoples of the world."

Possibly because of the Indians' show of support or because of an upcoming vote in Congress on *contra* aid, the stalemate was broken in April when the Sandinistas and Misurasata agreed not to involve their forces in military operations in Indian areas. The government attempted to send medicine, food and other badly needed items to Miskito communities, and the Indians were permitted to leave their villages to resume fishing and planting. "Washington was furious," an informed U.S. source told me, "because the agreement helped undercut support for the *contra* aid."

But the truce was short-lived. The Miskitos allege that within days of the accord, fighting broke out again. The breakdown in the talks in May as a result of this benefited neither side. Misurasata faced tough questions from its constituents, who had been told that dialogue with the Sandinistas could produce concrete results. In failing to negotiate an end to the rebellion, the Nicaraguan government lost an opportunity to demonstrate its good intentions to its supporters abroad and provided Washington with ammunition in its propaganda blitz.

According to Rivera, the lack of progress was due to the "fixed mentality" the Sandinistas have brought to the problem. The same attitude lay behind the creation of an earlier government commission that sought to formulate a plan for Miskito autonomy without consulting those who are supposed to be "autonomous." It is an attitude that scorns the Miskitos because "they do not live in proper houses," that believes the government is "very generous" because it wants to change the Indians' "backward civil life." While Tomás Borge appears to have changed his opinion since he used those words, he has also stated that the Indians could not "live within a separate civilization," though the revolution would "preserve their songs, their dances, their traditions . . . as a cultural wealth for the country." The Miskitos do not see themselves as backward aborigines decked out in feathers and beads for the tourist trade.

As the presence in Bogotá of the Indian leaders from other nations showed, the hemisphere's indigenous peoples are watching developments in Nicaragua closely. The Sandinistas must prove that Nicaraguan socialism can tolerate a separate cultural and ethnic identity. Other indigenous groups in Latin America have achieved a measure of autonomy, even in bourgeois democracies like Ecuador and Bolivia. The Shuar Federation in Ecuador runs bilingual schools and a communications network, has received government titles to communal lands and enjoys a high degree of local self-government, even though the Shuar territory borders on Ecuador's more powerful and sometimes avaricious neighbor, Peru. The Miskitos are seeking no more than what the Shuar have.

The Indian resettlement along the Coco River could be the foundation for a lasting peace on the Atlantic coast, but not if Washington can help it. Now that the Sandinistas are proving more amenable to Miskito demands, Misura followers are beginning to abandon the *contras* in the F.D.N., as evidenced by Fagoth's flight from his former companions in arms. In July, Misura representative Wycliffe Diego met with Rivera in Miami to form an umbrella Indian organization, ASLA. The F.D.N. apparently believed that Diego, who has worked closely with Fagoth, would dominate the meeting, but it was Rivera who emerged as leader. Instead of co-opting Misurasata, the F.D.N. is now threatened by Misura desertions to Rivera's cause.

But the F.D.N. still has an ace to play: the $27 million Congress bestowed on the *contras* for supposed humanitarian aid. Although the United Nicaraguan Opposition (UNO) was set up to receive the funds, it is little more than an acronym. Informed observers in Washington believe that most if not all of the money will end up in the hands of F.D.N. leader Adolfo Calero and other hard-liners, who look on Rivera as a communist and are trying to torpedo Miskito talks with the Sandinistas. Thus, a day before Rivera was scheduled to arrive in Miami to continue discussions about the peace initiative with Diego, the latter abruptly departed for Tegucigalpa.

In early September, when a three-man advance team from Misurasata entered Honduras for a meeting of ASLA, they were told to leave by the Honduran military. Rivera himself was warned by friendly European diplomats that it would be "inadvisable" to travel to Honduras. The Honduran military is divided on the Indian issue, which forms part of the larger question of Honduran involvement in the *contra* war. With Congress bankrolling it, the F.D.N. has been able to buy support in the army, never known for its probity, and among individual Miskitos in Honduras. While Indian sources claim Rivera has sufficient influence to sway the Miskitos, his efforts have been hampered by his inability to discuss the issues with the refugees in Honduras. Thus, while Misura followers in Nicaragua have begun negotiations with the Sandinistas, the situation in Honduras remains unpredictable.

The tragedy is that after years of misunderstanding, the Sandinistas at last seem ready to resolve the indigenous conflict. The government has unveiled the broad outlines of an autonomy statute; the purposely vague wording about Miskito rights will be refined in coming months in discussions with the Indians. Although Rivera has refused to join a government autonomy commission, he wants to present a proposal that would serve as a basis for negotiating land and cultural rights. But unless the Miskito refugees in Honduras are brought into the process, Rivera will not be able to speak for all the Indians. At this point, therefore, the chief obstacles to an Indian peace are the F.D.N. and its backers in Washington. Although the $27 million was supposed to promote democratic principles and respect for human rights, the evidence to date shows the money is prolonging the Nicaraguan people's suffering by giving their former oppressors more money for arms. The Miskitos are the pawns in the game—a "sideshow," much as Cambodia was for an earlier Republican Administration. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM EUROPE

France, Racism And the Left

DANIEL SINGER *Paris*

Racism and xenophobia have raised their ugly heads again in France. As I wrote in my last letter, this development explains the rise of Jean-Marie Le Pen, leader of the ultrarightist National Front, who charges that the "invasion" of immigrants has passed the "threshold of tolerance."

In reality, the proportion of foreigners on French soil is about the same as it was in 1931, when they made up 6.6 percent of the population. Immediately after World War II the number of foreigners dropped, and it was during the 1960s that our "white niggers" were imported as a temporary work force to fuel France's (and Western Europe's) "economic miracle." These people took the dirty, monotonous, low-paying jobs, allowing native-born workers to climb to better ones. By the time the economic downturn came, in the 1970s, the temporaries were here to stay. Between 1962 and 1982 the proportion of foreigners in the population rose from 4.7 percent to 6.8 percent. The largest gain, however, was registered by North Africans, who went from 0.9 percent to 2.6 percent.

The latter increase is what has aroused Le Pen and his supporters. France can absorb Italians, Spaniards, Poles and Portuguese, but not North Africans, whose manners, customs and religion are so dissimilar from those of the French. Ironically the same objections were leveled against Jewish immigrants before World War II. But the point should not be overstated. There are several times as many North Africans as there were Jews before the war, and in a country as centralized as France this creates the need for much greater tolerance.

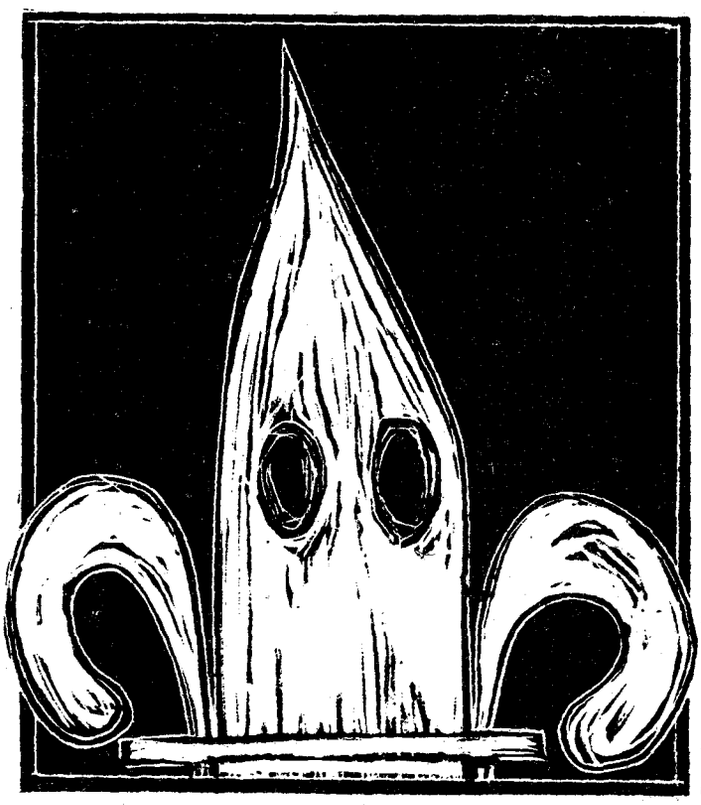
The Jacobin tradition is still strong in France. Black schoolchildren in the African colonies used to recite the same lesson as Parisian kids: "Our ancestors the Gauls had blue eyes and blond hair." This centralizing tradition was particularly strong on the left, which only in the last fifteen years or so has recognized a right to be different for Bretons or Corsicans, let alone for Arabs.

The problem should not be exaggerated, however. Although not a melting pot like the United States, France contains a rich mixture of ethnic groups, by European standards. If you go back three generations, some ten million French people, roughly one-fifth of the population, are of foreign origin. France has a tremendous capacity for assimilation, and it would be surprising if it did not manage to swallow the latest wave. The current tensions result directly from high unemployment and indirectly from the left's failure for many years to perform its function as the principled enemy of every form of racial discrimination.

The Communists, proclaiming on their banners that workers of all lands should unite, did little to fight against the prevailing racial and national prejudices in the French working class. Indeed, at one point they pandered to these prejudices. In December 1980, the Communist municipal council in Vitry threatened to bulldoze a hostel for black immigrants, saying it should be relocated to another district. The party has since expressed regrets over its policy and, at least verbally, has altered its line, but in this area the damage done is not easily repaired.

Socialists are hardly in a position to play holier-than-thou. Granted that when they took over, in 1981, illegal immigrants got their documents, immigration workers were instructed to treat foreigners decently and the climate did improve for a time. Not for long. In August of that year, French Foreign Secretary Claude Cheysson suggested in Algiers that France keep one of Mitterrand's 110 pledges and grant foreign workers the right to vote in local elections. When the right wing raised hell, the government caved in immediately, using the excuse that the country "was not ripe" for the reform—as if the Socialists' job was not to lead but to lag behind public opinion. Incidentally, while migrant workers have the right to vote in local elections in several European countries, they do not take part in parliamentary polls anywhere (except in Britain, if they come from the Commonwealth). A substantial section of the Western European working class therefore is simply disenfranchised. Modern capitalism, or the return to the model of ancient Greece with its productive slaves?

Another example of Socialist timidity is equally revealing. At the time of the 1983 local elections the Ministry for Immigrant Affairs prepared a booklet with simple answers to



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the usual xenophobic accusations. From it you could learn that unemployment did not begin its sharp rise until after 1975, when immigration had leveled off; that since most immigrants arrive as young adults, society saves on the cost of educating them; that on balance they are not a drain on welfare; that the rate of criminality is not higher among foreigners than among natives of the same social class. If such knowledge does not produce miracles, it does provide ammunition to counter the propaganda of the National Front. At the last moment, however, the government decided to withdraw the 2.2 million booklets that had been printed. The less fuss over this matter, the better! The success of Le Pen and other candidates of the National Front is the price paid for years of refusal to go against the fashion.

With the left-wing parties burying their heads in the sand, the initiatives had to come from less organized quarters. Before describing them, I must explain two terms: "second generation" and the *Beurs*. Unlike in the States, the expression first- or second-generation is rather new here and used very loosely. If you are called Poniatowski and are a prince, yours is a good old French name. If you are a minister, like Socialist Pierre Bérégovey or the conservative Lionel Stoleru, you are considered French, even if your parents happen to come from Eastern Europe. If you are good with a tennis racket, like Yannick Noah, or at kicking a soccer ball, like superstar Michel Platini, you're as French as a baguette or Camembert cheese. You are "second generation" and a problem only if you are plain Ben Mohammed, born on French soil but the son of an Algerian worker. And because you are likely to live in a suburban slum, where unemployment is high and tensions are real, you are more of a problem. You are a *Beur*.

Just as Londoners have their rhymed cockney, Parisians have their *verlan*—reverse slang. You say *ri-pou* when you mean *pourri*, i.e., rotten. *Beur* in this slang comes from *Arabes* and is used to refer to young Frenchmen of North African origin. In October 1983, the *Beurs* started a march from Marseilles to Paris to protest police harassment, unequal treatment and other forms of racial discrimination. While they were en route, three drunken louts threw a young Algerian out of the Bordeaux-Vintimille express to his death. I am not suggesting that the National Front plotted this crime, merely that such a racist murder was made possible by the pro-lynching climate created by its propaganda. Many French people were shocked by the atrocity, and tens of thousands came out to greet the *Beurs* in the capital.

On the morrow, however, nothing much had changed, and a year later another movement, called Convergence for Equality, sponsored a mass moped ride to Paris. The emphasis this time was on the possibility of living fruitfully together "despite our differences." The riders even invented a witty slogan: "France is like a moped. To move forward it needs the *mélange*," a play on the French word that means both a mingling of races and the mixture of gas and oil required for those bikes.

The most successful slogan is "Hands off my pal," part of a campaign called SOS-Râcisme launched by a group of Parisian young people. Its spokesman is a half-West Indian and half-Alsatian youth with the predestined name of Harlem Désir. True, this movement has gained more followers in middle-class schools than in working-class suburbs and its advertising has the slickness of Madison Avenue, but its impact has been enormous. More than a million buttons bearing the campaign's symbol, a warning hand, have been sold. The huge antiracist concert in Place de la Concorde was proof that the young can be mobilized. A measure of the political impact of the event was the rage with which Le Pen and his cronies greeted it, calling it "anti-French." Last but not least, this movement has given an opportunity to young Arabs and Jews to stand on the same platform for the first time in quite a while.

France has the second-largest Jewish community in Europe, just behind that of the Soviet Union. Since religious affiliation is not recorded here on any government forms, estimates of the number of French Jews vary between a half-million and 750,000. In any case, it is a population very different from the one that lived here before the war. Ashkenazi Jews from Alsace and Eastern Europe are now outnumbered by Sephardic Jews from Spain and North Africa. For the first time in the twentieth century, France's chief rabbi is a Sephardi. When he was appointed, there was a joke going around that went: And what did the Ashkenazis get in return? Answer: The archbishopric of Paris. (The present archbishop, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger, is of Polish-Jewish origin.)

In France the "black feet" are not an Indian tribe. *Pieds noirs* was the name given to French settlers in Algeria, and it was hoped that they would forget their colonial resentments once they were back on French soil. They haven't, as the nearly 11 percent of the vote the National Front received in last year's elections to the European Parliament shows. The *pieds noirs* in general, and the Jews among them in particular, have little love for the Arabs. And vice versa. So it is encouraging to see that some Sephardim and *Beurs* are working together in the campaign against racism. SOS-Râcisme's first important demonstration, in April, was provoked by the murder of a Moroccan and the wounding of a West Indian in the town of Menton, in southern France, and by the explosion of a bomb at a Yiddish film festival in Paris. Jews and Arabs marched together chanting slogans condemning those crimes. More recently, two young *Beurs* joined a Jewish delegation that traveled to Auschwitz to hold a memorial service. And next year, Jewish youths plan to take part in a commemoration of the Algerians who were massacred by the Paris police toward the end of the colonial war. Admittedly, this alliance is still fragile, and holds together only because its members avoid debate on the Middle East. Yet symbolism is important. The most inspiring demonstration I have witnessed here occurred in May 1968, when, to protest the expulsion as an "undesirable alien" of Danny Cohn-Bendit, one of the leaders of the student movement, tens of thousands of people gathered at the Bastille and chanted, "We are all German Jews."

That slogan came straight out of old socialist tradition. Our elders had great hopes and simple convictions. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believed that racism was a weapon of the right, an instrument of the bourgeoisie. It, along with other forms of injustice, would vanish after the revolution ushered in a classless society. The persistence of racism and discrimination in the Soviet Union has led some people to draw the conclusion that socialism contains no solution and others, myself among them, that the countries of the Soviet bloc are not socialist. Yet even we have to admit that things are more complex than they once appeared. Racism's roots are undoubtedly economic and social. Its revival in France must be linked with unemployment, exploitation, inequality, overcrowding, insufficient funding for health and education, and so on.

But prejudice has acquired a life of its own over the centuries. The battle against this plague does not begin magically the day after the revolution. It begins here and now. It is the daily struggle against all forms of fascism in everyday life. When the first race riots occurred in the 1950s in London's Notting Hill district, a liberal editorialist proclaimed in genuinely surprised indignation, It can happen here! Yes, it can happen anywhere. But it does not have to. □

Neocons

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

in the name of anticommunism. As Peter Steinfels wrote in his thoughtful book *The Neoconservatives*, the American right had been kooky and anti-intellectual. For better or worse, he concluded, America had a conservative movement that was smart. The whole tone of American life shifted, at least partly because prestigious intellectuals, of whom Glazer was one, gave depth and credibility to the emerging conservative consensus.

Ten years later, with the right firmly in power, it is time to re-evaluate that intellectual trend known as neoconservatism. At first glance, its success seems beyond question. There is no longer any need to fear that the Justice Department will enforce quotas for anyone other than white males. It is now accepted as the dynamic of postwar American history that government overextended itself, and in the process made worse the social conditions it presumed to ameliorate. Chauvinism has replaced opposition as the dominant theme of both popular and highbrow culture. The left is in intellectual disarray, unable to penetrate into what passes for the national discourse. And since the end of the Vietnam War, the West has regained the moral high ground among most of the world's intellectuals.

Not only have neoconservative ideas grown in acceptability, but neoconservative writers seem to be everywhere at once. Name any subject, and there is a neoconservative who has addressed it: poverty (Charles Murray), New York City (Roger Starr), the audience for classical music (Samuel Lipman), God (Michael Novak). It is a tribute to the energy and confidence of the movement that it embraces so many aspects of the modern condition.

For all its popularity, however, neoconservatism is like the American "victory" in the Tet offensive: a statistical win but a defeat overall. The test of an intellectual movement is whether it can appeal to independent thinkers in the center of the political spectrum. By that criterion, neoconservatism has been a failure. It has been unable to spread beyond its own circles, and it has lost support among precisely those tough-minded academics like Nathan Glazer whose support gave it respectability. Indeed, a significant number of the thinkers discussed in Steinfels's book have indicated their uneasiness with the course American society has taken under Ronald Reagan.

Consider New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, to whom Steinfels devoted an entire chapter. A decade ago, when Moynihan criticized so many social programs and then, as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, attacked the Third World, he seemed a typical example of a former liberal who had moved to the right. Now, however, he holds a job that forces him to submit his views to the voters. Although the old conservative rhetoric flows on occasion, he has one of the most liberal voting records in the Senate.

That may be because he represents what Patrick Buchanan calls "neosocialist" New York and votes his constituents' preferences rather than his own. Or it may be that, like so many New Leftists elected to public office, he found ideology a poor aid to legislative logrolling. Whatever the reason, one more liberal senator from New York equals one less neoconservative intellectual for *The Public Interest*.

The pressures of public office may account for Moynihan's turnabout, but they do not explain the behavior of others once identified as firm neoconservatives. After the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982, for example, Nathan Glazer joined with Seymour Martin Lipset to write an essay for *The New York Times*'s Op-Ed page condemning the action and asking American Jews to be as free in their criticism of Israel as Israelis are. Shortly thereafter, sixty-seven prominent Americans sponsored an advertisement in *The Times* expressing their "grave misgivings" over the war in Lebanon and calling for "national self-determination" for the Palestinians. Among the signers were Lipset and Glazer, and they were joined by two others often identified as neoconservative, Daniel Bell and Saul Bellow.

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon demonstrated that the intellectuals who seemed united when Steinfels wrote his book were divisible into two camps. In one camp were those who were primarily interested in achieving political power and in advancing the national interests of the United States and Israel. In the other camp were those to whom the traditions of independent thought and humanistic values held priority over the dictates of *Realpolitik*. Asked what he thought about those who signed the *Times* ad, Norman Podhoretz replied, "Some people who associated Nat Glazer and Marty Lipset in a lump with me and Irving Kristol and the rest were surprised by them, but it was less of a change for them than people thought."

I was one of those who had lumped all these people to-

Alan Wolfe is a member of The Nation*'s editorial board and a professor of sociology at Queens College.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether, and I was surprised to see some of them take the stand they did. Recently, William F. Buckley Jr. wrote a column in which he confessed to being wrong about the benefit of military rule in Argentina, prompting Leon Wieseltier, *The New Republic*'s literary editor, to say that he had been wrong in praising Jacobo Timerman. In this confessional spirit, let me say that I owe an apology to Glazer and Lipset, as well as to Daniel Bell. Podhoretz is surely right: these men were never on his wavelength.

I do not know what Glazer's and Lipset's current political views are. (Bell has always made his public: he is a socialist in economics, a liberal in politics and a conservative in culture.) I do know that in recent years their writings have had a strong conservative tinge and have been used to support policies of which I disapprove intensely. I suspect, but only suspect, that neither of them is happy with the direction of the Reagan Administration and would see themselves more as centrists (in European terms, even as social democrats) than as right-wingers. My apology consists in this: I was wrong not to have seen what differentiated them from Podhoretz, not to have distinguished between conservatives who retain a respect for academic inquiry and those who are propagandists pure and simple. This distinction between reasonable intellectuals and dogmatists is important because it helps explain why the neoconservative movement is not as united as it once seemed to be.

Specifically, Bell, Glazer and Lipset are sociologists, members of a discipline that deals largely with comparative analysis and historical trends and is much less concerned with current issues than are economics and political science. Because sociology has little to offer policy-makers who need information on topics of the moment, it is not heavily funded by the government or by corporate interests. Given its depth and relative independence, sociology provides an excellent test case. If neoconservative ideas can influence an academic discipline that respects, however imperfectly, the tradition of independent thought, surely it is a force that will be around for a long time.

There are outstanding neoconservative thinkers in sociology, such as Peter Berger and Robert Nisbet. Yet if a field so diverse can be said to have a direction, the trend is clearly to the left. One of the most important recent books representative of trends in the field is *Habits of the Heart*, by Robert Bellah and four colleagues. A literate, moving, in-depth analysis of the price Americans have paid for their individualism, *Habits of the Heart* can be read as an explicit critique of neoconservative homilies. Interestingly enough, the inspiration and the title of the book came from a thinker who was a major influence on Lipset's brand of 1960s conservatism: Alexis de Tocqueville. And Bell has praised the book, as if giving his stamp of approval to the direction sociology is taking.

The failure of neoconservative thought to make much headway in sociology indicates that the movement may not have cut as deep as the media claim. True, exponents of right-wing ideas are in demand for television talk shows, and *The New York Times* fills its articles, particularly those in the Sunday *Magazine*, with neoconservative ranting. (Outside New York City, few serious American newspapers are as explicitly ideological as *The Times*.) The American press is faddish, however; wars of ideas are waged over the long term. To win them, an intellectual movement must rewrite and rethink the social sciences and humanities. If we look in the areas where neoconservatism has had its greatest success, we learn why its long-term prospects are not especially positive.

Right-wing ideas have had enormous impact on economics and law, in which technical agility tends to be favored over speculative thought. So long as they can factor society and morality out of their equations, some academics will be attracted to the rigor and logic of hard, tough-minded, empirical conservatism. Abstract microtheorizing, however, has limits as a public philosophy. Conservative technocrats can win impressive reputations in their fields by publishing articles in technical journals, but they are unable to explain the moral or policy implications of their work. Since conservatism has historically been a moral philosophy, opposed to the pragmatism of empirical analysis, the inability of right-wing model-builders to transcend their own methods is both a paradox and a serious handicap.

If conservatism has won a certain popularity in the gritty world of empiricism, it has also appealed to the grand theorists. Norman Podhoretz and Jeane Kirkpatrick offer sweeping analyses of the nature of the twentieth century that conclude with the need to overthrow the Sandinistas or to invade Lebanon. Although seemingly worlds apart from the technocrats, the theorists of neoconservatism are like them in that they refuse to allow the real world to intrude on their abstractions. As with the technocrats, one suspects that the conclusions are reached first and the theoretical apparatus to support them is constructed afterward.

Between the technocrats and the global thinkers lies a realm where evidence and respect for argument still matter and where neoconservative ideas have not taken hold. Once sparkling intellectually, neoconservatism has become stale and predictable; articles in *Commentary* now demolish identical straw men. Furthermore, since critical thought thrives on dissent and skepticism, the spirit of inquiry that made conservative ideas attractive when liberals were in power has generated opposition to them now that the right has taken over. The neoconservatives no longer have the luxury of being in the opposition; their ideas stand or fall on the performance of the regime that speaks in their name. If Stalinism can be used to evaluate Marxism, as many neoconservatives claim, then surely Reaganism is an appropriate standard by which to judge neoconservatism.

Three specific features of Reaganism in practice have helped undermine neoconservatism in theory: anticommunism, business domination and the methods used to achieve both.

In the early postwar years, when the cold war consensus was formed, many intellectuals objected to what they considered the sentimental idealism of the old isolationist right and the pro-Soviet left. They were inspired by the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Lippmann, Hans Morgenthau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and George Kennan, who called for a return to *Realpolitik* in foreign policy: the defense of national interests. Once the Reagan Administration came to power, the irony of anti-communism could no longer be hidden: it was the extreme cold-warriors who were the real moralists and sentimental idealists. Respect for *Realpolitik*, as Lippmann pointed out as early as 1947, and as Kennan and Morgenthau soon learned, demanded dissent from the ideological coloration of postwar U.S. foreign policy.

In criticizing the rigid anticommunism of Podhoretz and Kirkpatrick, Glazer is saying that those who disapprove of everything the Russians do have inherited the intellectual failings of the old left: apologetics, twisted rationales, double standards. Most thinkers with a respect for truth do not believe that one country can be all good, another pure evil. Those who do so, regardless of their high standing in the political world, cannot be taken seriously as intellectuals.

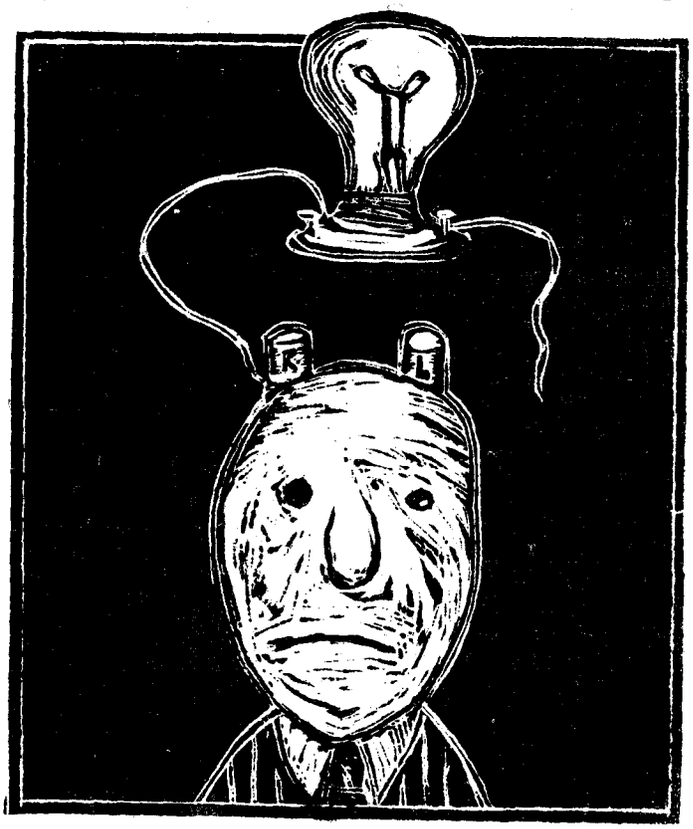
Another reason for American conservatives' failure to develop a coherent theory of society is that they have aligned themselves too closely with business. American business leaders have never been noted for the breadth of their intellectual curiosity. Given the longstanding public hostility toward business in the United States, Reagan's election offered corporate circles a chance to gain new respect. Had pro-business intellectuals urged their clients to change their ways, to put the public interest before private profit at least once in a while, business might have achieved a new legitimacy. But that demanded courage of people like Irving Kristol and George Gilder, and they did not have it. Instead, they applauded as business used the Reagan years to escape taxes, consolidate its control and avoid public obligations. And so business is still distrusted, and the intellectuals who support it seem more shallow than ever.

American conservatism has never produced a Joseph Schumpeter, a thinker sympathetic to capitalism who is capable of saying something original and profound. Because of their inability to distance themselves critically from the modern corporation, right-wing intellectuals either have rewritten Schumpeter, often misinterpreting him in the process, or have lost themselves in mathematical formulas. There is little likelihood that any book on economics written by someone close to the Reagan Administration—whether a trained economist or an autodidact—will be remembered, let alone read, ten years from now.

Finally, for an ideological Administration, Reagan's is surprisingly disrespectful of ideas, even of its own. The President denounces the Soviet Union and ignores his own rhetoric by offering to negotiate with it. He proclaims hard and fast principles only to negotiate them away. He attacks civil rights by proclaiming that he has achieved them, sanitizes destabilizing missiles by calling them "peacekeepers," adopts the political rhetoric of Franklin Roosevelt while destroying his programs, defends environmental rape as respect for nature, and redistributes wealth to the rich while identifying with the common man. No wonder Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter are so disappointed with him. On this we can all agree: Reagan has the ideological vision of a Frank Capra or a Clint Eastwood.

In a politician, flexibility is usually a virtue. Reagan, however, displays not pragmatism (which is, after all, a philosophy) but a completely utilitarian approach to ideas. Previous administrations were aware of the contradictions in their rhetoric and enlisted intellectuals to reconcile their public statements. Reagan could not care less when one of his speeches contradicts another, since ideas have no purpose for him other than to be used or discarded according to the circumstances. In this he reflects the historic reality of American conservatism. Unlike the European kind, which originated among traditional elites seeking a philosophically or theologically grounded theory of order, American conservatism serves merely to rationalize privilege and profit. Nothing in the popularity of neoconservatism or Reaganism has changed that.

Traditional conservatism is pessimistic, detached, ironic. Reaganism is optimistic, engaged, totally lacking in subtlety or depth. Americans, attracted now as they always have been to positive thinking and faith in progress, are unprepared to accept a genuine conservatism. (Indeed, it may be the radicalism in Reagan they admire.) To rethink in serious fashion the relationship between state and citizen, therefore, a neoconservative movement would have to forgo short-term influence in this country for long-term depth. When Reagan came to office, the neoconservatives opted for the former and sacrificed the latter. As is generally the case with immediate gratification, they have been well rewarded—for the moment. But hostile to all ideas and offering their own prejudices as profundity, they have forced those committed to ideas to return the disrespect. That is hardly the way to create a public philosophy that can last beyond the next election. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Fall Poetry Supplement

SIGNALS

East Dorset, Vermont

The old quarry road runs high
north/south along the ridge
and under the scar of the quarry
close to the sky
they still bury the dead.

They still sugar in the valley
not a serious sugaring
not buckets in the deep wood and nearby
a horse drawn sleigh
rather a leftover
begun some hundred years ago
when those who made a town
traded their plows for picks
and paved their streets with marble.

The old deeds are written in the old way
large round letters in a black book
a boundary marked by a rosebush
but nowhere is it written why some days
the buckets overflow, no way to know each year
how much sugar in the sap

only that the local plumber
a little short of work
knows when to set the pegs, two or three
buckets to a tree
to be divided among the neighbors
how to refine it
while he tunes to hard rock, finishes his sixpack
the smoke from his sugar house
sending signals to the dead.

Florence Grossman

THE SCULLERS

They move the way love moves, or ought
to move, or did move once before The Fall,

But still they move this way, as if the ages
of gold and bronze had never left us, and so

They glide out into the gilded light, tandemed
on both sides to the same stroke, pulling in

To push the water out, ratcheting their arms
into the late light as they sail, frictionless

As birds, to where the river turns like an elbow
toward dusk, and they must know what they know,

Dear God, without words, they must know as
lovers knew before they knew what they knew,

And theirs must be the world again as we unmade
it—when dusk turned, as it does now, the color

Of iron, basest of the metals, and swallowed
the scullers toward grey in all our names.

Michael Blumenthal

DON'T FIX IT AGAIN

Throwing out old clothes is painful because,
how do I know I won't need them again?
This one, discolored under the arms, was
worn to dinner—roast duck—with two old friends.
It smells creeky, like floorboards smell; the closet
where it's been jammed smells of bits of stain (duck
à l'orange, crab, pork, veal) dried, pressed and set
into now napless cloth. Time to chuck
the lot. What I need again are the friends,
not the clothes, though *they* were friends. One woman
moved back to her hometown and remarried.
That one I sewed, then let fray to the ends.
The deeper friend cast me off for a man.
That friendship—like what to wear when hurried
from a schedule, the satisfying skirt
one grabs for it fits and fits till it bags—hurt
not to fix. Ditching loved clothes hurts because
all age does; holes like mouths sag open: *it was.*

Molly Peacock

ON THE SUBWAY

The boy and I face each other.
His feet are huge, in black sneakers
laced with white in a complex pattern like a
set of intentional scars. We are stuck on
opposite sides of the car, a couple of
molecules stuck in a rod of light
rapidly moving through darkness. He is wearing
red, like the inside of the body
exposed. I am wearing dark fur, the
whole skin of an animal taken and
used. I look at his raw face,
he looks at my fur coat, and I don't
know if I am in his power—
he could take my coat so easily, my
briefcase, my life—
or if he is in my power, the way I am
living off his life, eating the steak
he does not eat, as if I am taking
the food from his mouth. And he is black
and I am white, and without meaning or
trying to I must profit from his darkness,
the way he absorbs the murderous beams of the
nation's heart, as black cotton
absorbs the heat of the sun and holds it. There is
no way to know how easy this
white skin makes my life, this
life he could take so easily and
break across his knee like a stick the way his
own back is being broken, the
rod of his soul that at birth was dark and
amber rich as the heart of a seedling
ready to thrust up into any available light.

Sharon Olds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVE POEM FOR MY HUSBAND

I recognize the need of water—
how a rock, long buried, emerging now
can bend a river. Last night you cried.
I climbed your back, smoothed your hair
the way I pet the cat, and you
rolled from under me to show your eyes
so that you and I, continents,
could find the seas in all that blue.

Leaves accumulate. I have loved you
half of my life and still you
build, all day in the woods behind
the house, a stairway to nowhere:
rough-hewn, the redundancy of stones,
thick slugs whose iridescence
only you admire. What draws you
to such silent things?

It is late afternoon. Dusk
informs the blue at the window.
We have been talking
at the kitchen table for hours.
I drift into the landscape
receding from words—
at lunch, you touched my breast
as if I were a girl.

I try to resurrect the mystery
of first love, its coarse grace,
the man whose hands I cannot name.
I have seen you lasso a falling tree,
hold it, bend your breath to root it
in air. You wrestled it gently down,
knuckles raw, vulnerable as the flesh
of a sea turtle, just below the shell.
That's where I want to sting.

Barbara Helfgott Hyett

BREAK OF DAY

He turns the light on, lights
the cigarette, goes out on the porch,
chainsaws a block of green wood down the grain,
puts a few wedges of it into the box-stove,
pours in a cup of kerosene, tosses in the match
he has lighted the next cigarette with,
stands back while the creosote-lined, sheet
metal rust-lengths shudder but manage
to lure the *cawhoosh* from inside the stove
which sucks ash motes into holes at the bottom
and glares fire out from cracks around the top,
all the way to the roof and up out through
into the still starry sky now starting to fade,
sits down to a bowl of crackers and blue milk
in which reflections of a 40-watt ceiling bulb
suicide-attempt, eats, contemplates
an atmosphere containing kerosene stink,
chainsaw smoke, chainsmoke, wood smoke, wood heat,
gleams of a 40-watt ceiling bulb trying to drown.

Galway Kinnell

MY GRANDFATHER'S POEMS

I remember that he wrote them backwards,
In Yiddish, in tiny, slanting, bird-like lines
That seemed to rise and climb off the page
In a flurry of winged letters, mysterious signs.

Scrupulously he copied them out
On the inside covers of his favorite books
While my sister and I romped through the house
Acting like cops and robbers, cowboys and crooks,

Whooping, shouting, and gunning each other down
In the hallway between rooms, mimicking fright,
Staggering from wall to bloody wall before
Collapsing in wild giggles at his feet.

Always he managed to quiet us again,
Kissing us each on the upper part of the arm,
Tucking us in. . . . We never said prayers,
But later I could hear him in the next room

Talking to himself in a low, tearing whisper—
All I could fathom was a haunted sound
Like a rushing of waves in the distance,
Or the whoosh of treetops in the back yard.

For years I fell asleep to the rhythm
Of my grandfather's voice rising and falling,
Filling my head with his lost, unhappy poems:
Those faint wingbeats, that hushed singing.

Edward Hirsch

ELEPHANTS AT THE AIRPORT

Their trainers carry wooden prods
and nudge them down the gangplanks.

Six blind men would say a mountain
chain has arrived at the airport,

and it is moving. Hannibal floated
thirty-eight elephants on the Rhône

by building jetties and earth barges.
The Gauls watched from the other side

and rallied resistance to new order
plodding toward them. A few elephants

made it up and over the Alps to Italy
where they'd never been. Baggage carts

resemble centipedes, enlarged and manic.
The crazy planes buzz National Cemetery

and skid the rows of blunt headstones.
Now you will understand those devotees

of Vishnu who threw themselves beneath
the Juggernaut, cracking streets in Puri.

Under thin tarmac, dead soldiers feel
this weightless pressure, a majestic

slowness of elephants in their suburb,
enough to stop all passing clocks.

Timothy Nolan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Reprint Mart.

Central America
Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution today, the issue is one of the most urgent, informative and important in *The Nation*'s history.

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It
Published on the eve of the first anniversary of the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, this issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the tragedy. After a year of thorough research, author David Pearson concludes that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry.

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions
The August 17/24, 1985, issue brings our 1984 report up to date. With contributions by David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn, it is the culmination of an intensive investigation. The authors analyze new Japanese radar data, discuss a Nation Institute–sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation.

The Strange Correspondence of Morris Ernst & John Edgar Hoover, 1939–1964
Harrison E. Salisbury, the award-winning journalist, details how the director of the F.B.I. exploited and debased the confidence of a leading civil libertarian, and in so doing seriously compromised the A.C.L.U. Salisbury draws on some 300 exchanges to document the extent to which the machinations of the "top constable" profaned the democratic process.

Latin America: A Political Guide
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

El Salvador
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

A Letter to America
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

Nuclear Samizdat
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

Fifteen Years of the Burger Court
Herman Schwartz and his cadre of twelve leading lawyers and scholars put together an invaluable assessment of the Burger Court. Leaving no stone unturned, the authors scrutinize the last fifteen years of "intense judicial activism" in a thought-provoking manner. No lawyer, student of the courts or concerned citizen should be without this issue.

Empire as a Way of Life
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

Myths of the Middle East
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Many Bhopals: Technology Out of Control
Robert Engler reveals that the dangerous dependence on pesticides and the movement away from people-intensive agriculture results from corporate profit-making strategies. In addition, he shows that the Bhopal disaster is one of countless poisonings occurring each year, here and in the Third World, under an irresponsible scientific-corporate elite.

Beyond Westmoreland: The Right's Attack on the Press
How does the Westmoreland case fit into the New Right's strategy to curtail the independence of the press? Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir answer this question and provide an overview of the New Right's campaign against the media.

Back Issues of The Nation
Back issues of *The Nation*, 1974 to the present (when available), are $3 each.

THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1-9: $3.00 ea.			
10-49: $2.00 ea.			
50-99: $1.50 ea.			
100-249: $1.25 ea.			
250 or more: $1.00 ea.			
BACK ISSUES $3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALL REPRINT SALES ARE FINAL

Mail check or money order to The Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required.** (U.S. currency only.)

NR8534

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Calm and Clear Eye

MARK RUDMAN

REPORT FROM THE BESIEGED CITY. *By Zbigniew Herbert. Translated by John Carpenter and Bogdana Carpenter. Ecco Press. 82 pp. $12.50.*

I first read Zbigniew Herbert in Czeslaw Milosz's anthology of *Postwar Polish Poetry*, a book that has influenced a generation of American poets. At the time, I was struck by the purity of his diction and the strange blend of irony and negation in such poems as "Elegy of Fortinbras," "Study of Objects" and "The Stone." Milosz's description of Herbert as "a poet of historical irony" is apt because his work is critical in spirit:

a murderous power is held by the zeitgeist
that is the devil of fashion the devil of passing time
the epoch's clock stops—the gods go down to the bottom
("Isadora Duncan")

our further coexistence will probably follow
a geometrical law—two parallel lines
unearthly patience and inhuman faithfulness
("In Memoriam Nagy László")

"The Stone" exemplifies a poetry that attempts to salvage the remains of civilization. It is a poem that has become as integral to our way of looking at things as Wallace Stevens's "The Snow Man":

The stone
is a perfect creature
equal to itself
mindful of its limits

filled exactly
with a pebbly meaning

with a scent which does not remind one of anything
does not frighten anything away does not arouse desire

its ardour and coldness
are just and full of dignity

I feel a heavy remorse
when I hold it in my hand
and its noble body
is permeated by false warmth

—Pebbles cannot be tamed
to the end they will look at us
with a calm and very clear eye
("The Stone")

What does this poem tell me about the state of things when it praises an object for having "a scent which does not remind one of anything," save that memory has only one route: to pain? "The Stone" could be mistaken for a minimalist gesture; but it isn't minimalist, it's metaphysical. The sparest poetry—especially when set beside the false eloquence of some American poetry—may ultimately be the richest. As Herbert says in "Mr. Cogito and the Imagination":

there is no place in it
for the artificial fires of poetry

he would like to remain faithful
to uncertain clarity

It is a miracle in our overblown world to find something that is equal to itself. A stone is not subject to much self-inflation. Herbert practices a humanistic dehumanization of art. Reality stands independent of his/our designs on it.

Obsessed with precision, he has written a bizarre homage to that quality in "Mr. Cogito on the Need for Precision":

because even what
is happening under our eyes
evades numbers
loses the human dimension

somewhere there must be an error
a fatal defect in our tools
or a sin of memory

. . .

ignorance about those who have disappeared
undermines the reality of the world

it thrusts into the hell of appearances
the devilish net of dialectics
proclaiming there is no difference
between the substance and the specter

Herbert's work has close philosophical links with that of Eastern European poets such as Paul Celan, Vasko Popa and János Pilinszky. These poets reduce their field of inquiry while at the same time enlarging their possibilities of vision. And so their minds turn to fable and other rigorous ways of saying that have moral rather than esthetic priorities. Take the title poem of the book, "Report from the Besieged City." Even if the "besieged city" is actually Warsaw, Herbert raises it to an archetype, as if that city's unremitting state of siege were an extreme and accurate image of the human condition:

I write as I can in the rhythm of interminable weeks

. . .

I avoid any commentary I keep a tight hold on my emotions I write about the facts
only they it seems are appreciated in foreign markets

. . .

the siege has lasted a long time the enemies must take turns
nothing unites them except the desire for our extermination
Goths the Tartars Swedes troops of the Emperor regiments of the Transfiguration
who can count them
the colors of their banners change like the forest on the horizon
from delicate bird's yellow in spring through green through red to winter's black

Herbert puts the quasi-dramatic monologue to brilliant use. The irony is in the floating "I," half a historical personage and half Herbert, a time traveler who is and is not the poet, who is and is not Claudius, Fortinbras, Damastes/Procrustes or various nameless narrators. I imagine him writing as if fearful that someone is looking over his shoulder—much of his meaning is insinuated and much is left to innuendo. The result is a kind of code, as though someone had launched into a complicated and emphatic explanation of how the SHORTSTOP covers SECOND and THIRD base, but that it is difficult for him to throw out the runner on his way to FIRST if he has to backhand a ground ball while MOVING to his RIGHT. A listener who already knew the facts of the matter could interpret the emphatic capitals to mean: We can never rest because nothing ever comes to us directly.

American poetry often remains a highly private affair, but these European poets speak for humanity, and without a trace of self-congratulation, as in Herbert's "The Power of Taste":

It did not require great character at all
we had a shred of necessary courage
but fundamentally it was a matter of taste

Yes taste
that commands us to get out to make a wry face draw out a sneer
even if for this the precious capital of the body the head

must fall

It is striking to find poets who have endured social and political oppression or witnessed the Holocaust and who have

Mark Rudman recently received the Max Hayward Award for his translation of Boris Pasternak's My Sister—Life *(Ardis). His new book of poems,* The Ruin Revived, *is forthcoming from Branden Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not tried to exploit these experiences. In his best poems Herbert makes us read beneath the literal level of information because he sets no scene. You will find no cinematic descriptions of men being leveled by machine guns or chased down dark alleys. No spectacles. Herbert trusts his art enough to let the bloody action occur offstage. Herbert affirms through negation. How effectively he negotiates the transition from IS NOT to IS should be clear from the opening lines in a haunting lyric from the Milosz anthology, "Our Fear":

> our fear
> does not wear a night shirt
> . . .
> does not extinguish a candle
> does not have a dead man's face
> either
> our fear
> is a scrap of paper
> found in a pocket
> 'warn Wojcik
> the place on Dluga Street is hot'

The poem embodies history. It has to, and it is through this sense of responsibility to history that the poem derives its tension, threading its way between the pitfalls of overcommitment and of aloofness. As a bridge between the void and the world, the poem insures that what is written is not swallowed up. Nowhere does Herbert better focus his consciousness of history as force than in these lines from "The Murderers of Kings":

> not one of them managed to change
> the course of history
> but the dark message has gone from
> generation to generation
> so these small hands are worthy of
> reflection
> small hands in which the certainty of
> the blow is trembling

I doubt if there is an American poet who has not puzzled over the question of what it means to write at peril to one's life and at the same time to write with the knowledge that you are being read, in the wrong way perhaps, but still being read. From Herbert's title poem:

> Too old to carry arms and fight like
> the others—
> they graciously gave me the inferior
> role of chronicler
> I record—I don't know for whom—
> the history of the siege
> I am supposed to be exact but I don't
> know when the invasion began
> two hundred years ago in December in
> September perhaps yesterday at
> dawn
> everyone here suffers from a loss of
> the sense of time

Herbert lets us know that he doesn't want to write only about the facts but that history has forced him into this circumstance:

> during elemental
> catastrophes
> the arithmetic
> becomes complicated
> ("Mr. Cogito on the Need for
> Precision")

It is no accident that *Report from the Besieged City* was first published by internees in the Rakowiecka Prison in Warsaw and that most of the copies were confiscated. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Public Art and the General Will

The twenty-eight aldermen of St. Louis are pondering the propriety of a referendum on whether to remove an allegedly controversial work of public sculpture by Richard Serra. In terms of substance (rust-clad steel) and scale, there are unmistakable parallels between "Twain," as the work is called—doubtless in reference to the author of *Life on the Mississippi*—and "Tilted Arc" in New York City, whose removal is imminent without benefit of referendum. But there the resemblances stop. "Twain" is iconographically rich—it makes a second reference to the great river through its deltoid shape—and appears almost ingratiating, in that its punctuated walls offer entry into a sheltering enclosure on a landscaped city block set aside especially for it: a quiet and contemplative space in a largely blighted downtown area. "Tilted Arc," by vivid contrast, was perceived as hostile and confrontational, a disenhancing presence too much at odds with the uses of the site it seized and sought to hold. The decision to remove it must have suggested an attractive precedent to St. Louis's eager aldermen, but the similarities are in fact too slight to justify a similar eviction.

All serious art, our cultural commissioner Bess Meyerson observed at the hearing on "Tilted Arc," is difficult. And so it is. But one is obliged to distinguish those difficulties due to compositional complexity and interpretive density, as in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" or Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," from those that would be caused by the construction of a visionary work proposed by the artist J and called "Angry Co-ordinates," to consist of 70,000 sharp spikes embedded, point upward, the entire lengths of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. "Twain" appears difficult in neither sense—it is accessible in every sense—and its case seems somewhat urgent, before all the rusted walls of public art fall like dominoes down the slippery slope about which the defenders of "Tilted Arc" warned us. Since I strongly favored the removal of "Tilted Arc," it is gratifying to be able to defend the placement of a second work and to amplify my views on public art.

There is no problem with the idea of an artistic plebiscite as such. One of the great failures in our public art programs, as dramatized by the strife over "Tilted Arc," is that the public has been radically underinvolved and all the main decisions have been left to panels of "authorities." The assumption has been that art is good, so it must be good for people to have it, without anybody making much of an effort to translate the goodness of works that are not self-evidently good into terms people can grasp and respond to. If art is as irreducibly difficult as defenders of serious art have maintained, a considerable barrier exists between it and the public it is supposed to benefit. A referendum on removal is certainly one way of involving the public, but a vote will count as an esthetic mandate only if the electorate is esthetically informed. Of course, even if the work in question is clearly understood to be good art, there may remain other grounds for its removal. But there are no such further grounds in the case of "Twain."

A referendum on "Tilted Arc" would have been in order, because few New Yorkers were unaware of the issues surrounding it. For some months, intense conversation about the work usurped the place usually occupied by real estate at dinner tables throughout society. I participated in two academic conferences mainly given over to the issue, and I knew of many more. Newspapers and newsmagazines editorialized, reported and gave valuable space in letter columns to Serra's work, and the *Today Show* considered opening one of its programs to the debate. An actual vote, of course, is a simple aye or nay, but there must be considerable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussion, argument and clarification before a decision as to which lever to press can constitute a rational choice. We are, after all, called on to decide by referendum matters of the greatest intricacy and moment.

Gustave Harrow, Serra's counsel, has, it seems to me, a genius for misrepresenting the issues raised by his client's art. Putting artistic matters to the voters, he contended in an interview with *The New York Times*, "is precisely the thing that would force art to be judged by a common denominator, which art cannot be." If Serra's work is that distant from the common denominator, its candidacy for public commissions must be seriously compromised. Clearly there could be scant justification for placing, at public cost and in public space, a work that means nothing to the public beyond the fact that those who are supposed to understand such things insist upon its excellence. But not too many blocks east of "Twain" is the austere "Gateway Arch" of St. Louis, by Eero Saarinen, one of the most successful examples of public art in the country. Whatever controversy may have surrounded its selection and ultimate erection, it really just *is* St. Louis today, and in explaining it to their visitors or to their children, the people of St. Louis articulate the consciousness it has come to objectify. It is unimaginable that the public would countenance its removal or that it would not raise funds to restore it if necessary. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial came into being in an atmosphere of the most intense artistic and moral debate. Even after it was in place, Maya Lin, its designer, was subjected to bitter abuse and condemnation. Yet by this date no public work is more highly esteemed or widely admired, and a mandate for its removal would be unthinkable. Abraham Lincoln insisted that work continue on the Capitol's dome as a palpable symbol of continuity and hope during the agonized years of the Civil War. That cupola, like the dark stone wings of Maya Lin's memorial and the exquisite trajectory of Saarinen's arch, are paradigms of high art that are also public art, because the public has invested them with its feelings, beliefs and values. They in effect *are* the public in the medium of art.

That much may be said on the appropriateness of a referendum on public art insofar as it is public. But whether something is good art, or art at all, cannot be left to electoral determination, though this is evidently the question the St. Louis voters are being asked to decide. According to Thomas Zych, president of the Board of Aldermen, a number of his colleagues have "somewhat silently said, 'I don't like it but who am I to judge what art is?' Now some are saying that these pieces of iron are not art." They ask themselves whether they can, in good conscience, expend public money on the maintainance of mere scrap metal. Especially when—and it is this that makes one suspicious—the rusting plates occupy "a valuable piece of property that should be developed." Aldermen as a class are not noted for a disposition to reflect on the ontology of art, but one's cynicism is not stilled by Zych's assurances that monetary considerations are not at issue. It is only "the pure controversy over what is art." Now, if these legendarily smoke-filled rooms have indeed been given over lately to meta-esthetic disputation, then surely the solution is to treat the matter just as aldermen would treat problems of sewage or air quality or budgets—call in an expert, in this instance a philosopher of art. Addressing the general will as philosophical oracle is of course as inappropriate as consulting it on the technologies of sanitation or traffic flow. So, pleased to waive my fee for philosophical consultation, I offer instead a few observations that may persuade the aldermen to quash an ill-considered referendum.

Until the very late nineteenth century, the question of whether something was a work of art would have raised few cognitive difficulties, even if there was no widely accepted definition of what art is. Such a discrepancy is not philosophically uncommon. St. Augustine famously said he knew what time was until someone demanded a definition, which he could not give. Most people know the difference between right and wrong conduct, as between just and unjust rulings, even if a general theory of morality or of justice remains to be given. With works of art there have been problems at the borderline—Japanese prints and, later, primitive sculpture had to be argued into artistic status—but as recently as Wittgenstein it could be maintained that no theory of art would make us wiser, or better able to pick out works of art than we already were.

This situation has not been precisely

Alexander Cockburn on THE PRESS.

Andrew Kopkind on THE CULTURE WARS.

Stephen F. Cohen on THE SOVIET UNION.

Christopher Hitchens on WASHINGTON.

Bird and Holland on GLOBAL POLITICS.

Calvin Trillin on UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

The voices of dissent speak out in THE NATION.

The Reagan Administration is not funny; what it's doing to the country, and the world, is very serious. The voices of dissent must speak out. And the best place to hear them is in *The Nation*.

The Nation has been questioning the abuses of power for 119 years. And there has never been a greater need for it than now. *The Nation* conducts its own investigations, reports the kind of news Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jerry Falwell don't release through the national wire services, and serves as the forum for the leading voices of dissent on the critical issues of our time.

If you think these voices are important, join your voice to theirs and subscribe to *The Nation*. There's a reduced introductory rate for you.

Add your voice to ours.
Special Introductory Rate For New Subscribers.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a savings of 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ Double my savings. Send a full year for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Add: Canada and Mexico: $3.50/24 issues, $7/one year; Other Foreign: $6.50/24 issues, $13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D534

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reversed, but it is no longer possible to suppose that we know what are the art works, even if we do not know what is art. Since Duchamp and Schwitters, Warhol and Lichtenstein, it has been clear that something can be a work of art and yet resemble, in every outward particular, a quite ordinary object—a snow shovel, a bicycle wheel, a soup can, a soap box. When things belonging to deeply different kinds resemble one another as much as things belonging to the same kind, then the alderman's "Who am I to say?" becomes vivid and universal. Who does have the right to say of one thing that it is art and of something quite like it that it is not? Decisions about arthood become as inscrutable as the distribution of divine grace according to the Calvinist teaching. In any case, the public cannot be supposed capable of such discriminations, all the less so when it is readily imaginable that ten plates of steel found in a steelyard and arrayed to look like "Twain" would have no claim to the status of art at all. It would be just a bunch of iron, as the aldermen say in their hearts that "Twain" is.

The incapacity to discriminate between such pairs is less important than understanding those transformations in the concept of art that entailed defining art as something that doesn't meet the eye. Without being privy to those transformations, one really knows neither what art is nor how it matters that one cannot say which is an artwork. One gains access to this knowledge by participating in the discussions regarding the nature and enfranchisement of artworks. That is the business of the art world. The art world is not a clique but a widely dispersed community of artists, collectors, historians, critics, curators, art buffs and cognoscenti, concentrated in New York and London, Paris and Milan, Zurich and Berlin, Los Angeles and Tokyo—with branches in Chicago, Düsseldorf and many other places, St. Louis surely included—who read and contribute to journals, attend or participate in panels, attend shows and read about what they cannot attend, and discuss, comment and carp endlessly. The Institutional Theory of Art, whose most forceful spokesman is Professor George Dickie of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, insists that the identity and existence of works of art is inseparable from the interventions and determinations of the art world as just characterized.

Art worlders are not, of course, experts in the ordinary sense of the term. You would not lug an otherwise indeterminate object into Dickie's office to see whether it really is an artwork, the way you would go to a specialist to find out if something is an original or a copy, a genuine or a fake, a Rembrandt or a Ferdinand Bol. No one takes out a tape measure or a magnifying glass, submits something to radiography or chemical test, draws your attention to catalogues and inventories in order to ascertain whether something is an artwork. The best you can do is find out why something is an artwork, if it is one. A few years back, when Hilton Kramer, then art critic for *The Times*, claimed Judy Chicago's "Dinner Party" was not art, you certainly could not hope to prove him wrong with a printout from an empirical investigation of some sort. That would require reasonings, arguments, analyses, interpretations and analogies of a kind Kramer is familiar with as a member of the art world. Of course, the question of whether something is an artwork is seldom addressed as such. The more usual question is why something is art, what makes it art. Anyone can join the discussion, but without having joined it, one has little of interest to say.

Not everyone will join, of course. Busy aldermen have other priorities, so all they need do is consult those who have gained the interest and the understanding. In doing so the aldermen will quickly discover that the "pure controversy over what is art" is settled definitively in the case of Serra. That was never the issue with "Tilted Arc," though many supposed it was and insisted that Serra was a master and "Tilted Arc" perhaps a masterpiece. Being a masterpiece, however, was not enough, as we know, because of the severe perturbations that the work set off. But nothing like that applies to the work in St. Louis. It really does reduce to the question of whether that St. Louis block should be devoted to art or should be "developed." I know how I would vote.

It is possible to imagine a "Save the 'Twain'" movement springing up, with bumper stickers, T-shirts, vigils, teach-ins, posters and petitions. Not the sort of thing Serra has been accustomed to, of course, but just think of glimpsing "Twain"'s celebrants between the steel plates, chanting, holding candles which cast dramatic shadows against the warm rust, the public voice carrying out, past the arch and across the dark waters of the wide Mississippi! □

MUSIC.

DAVID HAMILTON

Handel Operas

Among music historians and historically minded critics, the viability of Handel's Italian operas on the modern stage is an article of faith proclaimed with almost religious fervor. Triumphant successes in eighteenth-century London, filled with music consistently prodigal in invention, vivid in character, apt in expressivity, these operas convince on recordings as listening experiences fleshed out by the imagination. One feels there must be a way to make them play on the modern stage. When they don't work—and in my experience they haven't—it is always possible to fix the blame elsewhere: on unwise textual decisions, faulty musical execution, inapt staging or some combination thereof. To the New York City Opera's *Giulio Cesare*, much mucked-about textually and staged by Tito Capobianco with ceremonial condescension, or to the same company's *Alcina*, obscurely located by Andre Serban in what appeared to be a Soho disco, one could plead, Can't we give Handel a chance on his own terms?

Midway in the Handel tercentenary year the jury is still out, although we have been given much to think about. My recent Handel experience has included the semi-staged *Orlando* at Carnegie Hall last November and the three operas—*Giulio Cesare*, *Teseo* and *Tamerlano*—staged at July's Pepsico Summerfare festival in Purchase, New York. These last three offered a provocative range of approaches: *Teseo* in a period reconstruction devised by Nicholas McGegan for the Boston Early Music Festival a few weeks earlier, *Giulio Cesare* in an updated production by Peter Sellars and *Tamerlano* in a historically respectful but not literally authentic staging by Andrew Porter, introduced last winter at the University of Indiana, now recast with professional singers.

Not surprisingly, the issues were never as clear-cut as that simplified description suggests. To begin with, *Teseo* was sung by anemic voices—which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot be authentic given the centrality of the singers in Handel's day. Here the strongest voice was the orchestra of period instruments (and that evidently not as strong as in Boston, lacking several crucial players). The primary theatrical message was that of the charade: "Look, we're doing an eighteenth-century opera!" At the denouement, when Egeo, recognizing Teseo as his son, struck the poisoned cup from his hand, the audience could only laugh; it was impossible to credit this sudden intrusion of dangerous reality into the predominant air of make-believe and posturing. Even the scenic effects, which must have been awesome in 1713, seemed only quaint. This was archeology, not theater—interesting in principle, boring to sit through.

Moments of confrontation are, in fact, a mode of theater ill-suited to *opera seria*: a comparable awkwardness arises at the climax of the greatest, most progressive example of the genre, Mozart's *Idomeneo*. The simple recitative to which they are set cannot compare with the brilliant, richly colored arias in which the characters express their emotions. Contemporary audiences evidently expected no more, but we do; music later learned ways to make such dramatic occasions overpowering, and the *opera seria* makeshift inevitably seems inadequate. Handel devised musical solutions that still seem startling today for highly charged scenes, such as the madness of Orlando and the death of Bajazet in *Tamerlano*, but not for these sudden confrontations. Given the impossibility of handing out eighteenth-century sensibilities at the door, fidelity calls for something less—or more—than historical imitation.

That is one justification for what Peter Sellars did with *Giulio Cesare*, translating the story of Caesar, Cleopatra, Ptolemy and Pompey's heirs to the modern Near East and presenting them as a visiting Western head of state; a seductive princess; her brother, a sheik; and a bereaved mother and son. At no point did this prove implausible, even to a classically educated viewer. The modern symbols of power and authority, familiar from films and TV, located the characters and their relationships more vividly and securely than would togas and their eighteenth-century equivalents; doubtless they also helped the singers with attitudes and motivations.

Sellars also provided every aria with an elaborate plan of action—choreography is not too strong a term—and here reservations set in. On the one hand, a lot of the action was strikingly vivid: the almost irrational intensity of Sesto's need to avenge his father's death, for example, was insistently present in Lorraine Hunt's performance. And if Sellars didn't make Sesto's mother, Cornelia, a convincing object of raging passion-at-first-sight on the part of three powerful men, at least she was not turned into a figure of fun as in Capobianco's New York City Opera production. Yet the fact that the characters were singing words and music with their own meanings and expressivity was often lost in the ceaseless movement. The welcome (and authentic) practice of leaving some light in the auditorium allowed one to follow a libretto, but that had to compete with the director's condescending, smart-alecky and unnecessary blow-by-blow synopsis.

This was a generally compelling performance of Handel's dazzling score, vigorously led by Craig Smith, sung with style and musicality and, in the case of Jeffrey Gall's Caesar, with astounding virtuosity and panache: he came closer than any modern countertenor I've heard to the fabled power and brilliance of the eighteenth century's castrati. (The countertenors in *Teseo* weren't in the same class, and in *Tamerlano* the high male parts were taken by women in travesty—a tradition dating

2PLUS2

A Collection Of International Writing

1985

2PLUS2

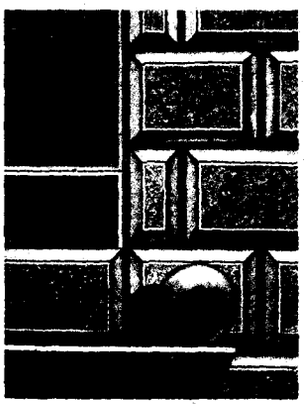
Fiction · Poetry · Translations · Drama · Essays

2PLUS2 will now appear every Autumn. It will continue to provide an unusual forum where new works of established and promising writers are given an opportunity to be appreciated beyond their own borders.

The current 480 page volume features the 1984 Nobel Laureate Jaroslav Seifert in an exclusive and major selection of his poetry and prose, translated by Ewald Osers.

Some of the contributors to this 1985 edition:

Ajñeya
Octavio Armand
Kenneth Bernard
Paul Bowles
Victor Brombert
Margaret Browne
Dino Buzzati
Nancy Cardozo
E.M. Cioran
H. Díaz-Casanueva
Stephen Dixon
Russell Edson
Gabriel Fitzmaurice
André Frénaud
Paavo Haavikko
Eleanor Hakim
John Hollander
Magda Isanos
Vladimir Kazakov
Herbert Lomas



Izaak Mansk
J.D. McClatchy
Eugenio Montale
Naomi Shihab Nye
Michael O'Loughlin
Mark O'Connor
Philip O'Connor
Heberto Padilla
Sheenagh Pugh
Jean-Claude Renard
Mark Rudman
Jaroslav Seifert
Osten Sjöstrand
Gustaf Sobin
R.S. Thomas
Fred Urquhart
Sidney Wade
Ania Walwicz
W. Wilde-Menozzi
Peter Wortsman

Mylabris Presse S.A., Case Postale 171, 1018 Lausanne, Switzerland.
Mylabris Press Ltd., P.O. Box 20725, New York, N.Y. 10025

Please send me ___ copies of the 1985 Edition of 2PLUS2

I enclose check USA $ 16.00 + $ 1.50
UK £ 13.00 + £ .90 postage and handling
Payable to Mylabris Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

A Conference
U.S. WORKING CLASS AND THE CONTEMPORARY LABOR MOVEMENT
Keynote Speakers: Melvyn Dubofsky and David Gordon
OCTOBER 23 TO 25
Indiana University of Pennsylvania
Indiana, Pennsylvania
To register call (412) 357-2227 or 2237.

Radical Philosophy Association Announces:
CONFERENCE ON GENDER, RACE AND CLASS
Participants: A.P.A. Committee on Blacks in Philosophy; Society for Women in Philosophy.
OCTOBER 12 TO 13, 10 AM TO 6 PM
New York Marxist School
151 West 19th, 7th floor
New York City
Contribution requested. For information 989-6820.

Announcing the
INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE SARTRE SOCIETY
Keynote speaker: Hazel Barnes, Sartre translator and scholar.
FRIDAY EVENING TO SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4 TO 6
The New School
5th Avenue and 14th Street
New York City
Contribution requested. For information (212) 741-5777; or (201) 527-2311.

DEMOCRATIC MANAGEMENT CONFERENCE
OCTOBER 25 TO 27
Breitenbush Community,
Detroit, Oregon
Workshops on: Personnel Issues: Process Issues; Budgeting; Strategic Planning; Co-op Federations and Networks.
Pre-registration $70. Located in the Cascade Mountains, at a lodge with natural hotsprings.
Breitenbush Community, Box 578, Detroit, OR 97342; (503) 854-3501.

Cooper Union faculty of humanities
and social sciences presents a lecture by
STEPHEN J. GOULD
distinguished biologist and author of The Panda's Thumb and The Flamingo's Smile (forthcoming).
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 8PM
The Cooper Union Great Hall
7th Street at 3rd Avenue
New York City
Admission free.
For information (212) 254-6374.

The Research Group on Socialism and Democracy
announces a lecture by
PROF. HILLEL H. TICKTIN,
University of Glasgow
"The Critique Analysis of the Soviet Political Economy"
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 7 TO 9 PM
Graduate Center, CUNY
The Third Floor Studio
33 W. 42nd Street
New York City
Admission free.

EAST-WEST TENSION
NORTH-SOUTH CONFLICT
A course in U.S./U.S.S.R. relations
With: Stephen Cohen, Colette Shulman, Jerry Hough, Jane Sharp, Michael Klare, Judith Papachristou, Rashid Khalidi, William LeoGrande, Margaret Crayhan and others.
OCTOBER 7 TO NOVEMBER 11,
6 MONDAY NIGHTS, 7 PM TO 9 PM
Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Drive
New York, NY 10027
Registration: $35 (includes texts)
Riverside Church Disarmament Program (212)222-5900 x 238.

A CONFERENCE ON THE NEWSPAPER PM
Discussion and oral history recording with PM staff members.
Forum with James Aronson, co-founder of The Guardian, and Elsa Dixler, associate editor of The Nation, on PM and its relationship to the left press in America.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 10:30AM TO 5PM
Tamiment Library, 10th floor
Bobst Library, New York University
70 Washington Square South
New York City
Admission free.
For information call (212) 598-3708.

BUILD A POPULAR FRONT AGAINST FACISM!
CITYWIDE RALLY!
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2 TO 5 PM
135th Street Playground
between Lenox and 5th Avenues
New York City
Co-organizers: N.Y. 8 Against Fascist Terrorism; New Alliance Party; Black United Front; Nation of Islam, Inc.; Haitian Information Center; N.Y. 8 Defense Committee Partial List of Endorsers; Patrice Lumumba Coalition; Father Lawrence Lucas; Lennox Hinds; Ohio 7 Defense Committee; Rev. Benjamin Chavis; July 28th Contingent; Eleanor Bumpurs Defense Committee; New Organization for an American Revolution.

EVENTS PLACEMENT FORM

Information

Event ads are $17.50 per ½ inch.

Discounts: 2 runs 10% off
3 runs 15% off
4 runs 25% off

Typesetting: We typeset all event ads. Logos/artwork can be incorporated for an extra charge of $10.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days before cover date.

Placement

Enclosed is a check* for:

____ $35 for a 1-inch ad
____ $52.50 for 1½ inches.
____ $70 for 2 inches.
____ $____for____inches.

* Estimate size by comparing your ad to recent event ads.

Organization: _____

Address: _____

_____

Phone: _____

Clip form, attach ad copy and send to The Nation, Events, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Event ads are also accepted over the phone, at (212) 242-8400.

back to Handel himself.) Yet, in the end, for all Sellars's ingenuity and imagination and theatrical power, I felt conned out of the opera Handel wrote, finding in its place a brilliant, exotic, fundamentally irrational substitute.

Porter's staging of *Tamerlano*—a more somber but almost equally consistent score—might easily have been conceived in response to Sellars: here was a simple plan of movement, enacted before an unfussy neo-classical set by Max Röthlisberger, the singers encouraged to stand and deliver their arias. It worked well with Judith Malafronte, who not only sang strongly but could project intensity without moving; others in the cast were less successful in repose, and occasionally disastrous in movement and gesture. Played, like *Cesare*, by an orchestra of modern instruments, *Tamerlano* was conducted with less verve and style. (Alone among the performances, it was sung in English translation, which certainly made the recitatives more involving to the audience.) With more consistent performing resources, it would surely have been a convincing piece of theater; its strong moments were recognizably Handelian in grandeur and pathos, neither diminished nor overelaborated as in the other productions.

If these several occasions provided no simple answers to the staging of Handel, they did suggest that the right questions are being asked. Throughout the performances, one principle seemed to hold: the most compelling moments were associated with the best singers. Marilyn Horne and Marvis Martin in *Orlando*, Gall in *Cesare* and Malafronte in *Tamerlano* projected drama through the thrust and amplitude and polish of their voices. With steady, rounded tone, strong legato, broad phrasing, accurate and bright coloratura, these singers defined and projected the distinct expressivity of every aria they undertook. Such resources seem an indispensable starting point for further essays at the revival of Handel operas.

The most stylish and convincing performance of a Handel opera currently available on records is Sigiswald Kuijken's *Partenope*, on the Pro Arte label. The several recordings by Jean-Claude Malgoire on CBS are variously deficient—his *Tamerlano*, incredibly, omits the opera's most famous scene. The older version on Cambridge suffers from sluggish tempos, but the role of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bajazet is sung with much authority by one of the great Handel tenors, Alexander Young. Although textually corrupt, the New York City Opera recording of *Giulio Cesare* on RCA includes some singing of the sort that Handel needs, and at least suggests the score's fertility of invention. □

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Nancy Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information, write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ADOPTION

LOVING, secure white couple, unable to have children, wishes to adopt infant through private adoption. All medical expenses paid. Confidential. Call (609) 683-5413 evenings or weekends.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

RUTHERFORD, N.J. Modern space, clean, garden apartment. 20 minutes to Manhattan by bus or train. $360 per month, includes all expenses. Call (201) 939-8664.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

PARIS-BOUND Nation employee on research assignment seeks apartment sublet from late October through late November. Call Emily at (212) 242-8400.

NATION EMPLOYEE, quiet, responsible tenant, is looking for an apartment. Prefer downtown or Hoboken. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

NEW NATION INTERN looking for a sublet, September through December. Manhattan, Brooklyn, Hoboken. $350 per month or less. Call Jim Naureckas (212) 242-8400.

ANOTHER NATION INTERN is looking for a sublet. Prefer a place alone. September through January. Call Ted Jin at (212) 242-8400.

ART

BEETHOVEN PORTRAIT

ABSOLUTELY SPLENDID BEETHOVEN PORTRAIT by Boston artist, Michael Russo, available! Superb reproduction (fits 22 by 28-inch frame). Send $19.85 to:

Art in Music
5 (N) Pinepoint Drive, Bridgeport, CT 06606
(Satisfaction assured!)
GREAT HOLIDAY GIFT

BOOKS

BOOKS ON EXTRAORDINARY SOCIAL AND POLITICAL MOVEMENTS: anarchism, revolution, pacifism, etc. Catalogues available by subscription. Free Lance Books, Dept. N, Suite 1060, 163 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

The Bible — a dirty book? You'll agree it is after reading *The X-Rated Bible* (456 pp.), available for $7.95 from: A. A. P., 2210 Hancock Dr., P.O. Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768

BOOKLETS

HUMAN VALUES have to save the world. Alexander Sakharov speaks about U.S.-Soviet relations. $2.95, Fine Line Productions, 3181-A Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Josephus

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-B, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free Seach. Write Sperling Books, Dept. A, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

CATALOGUES

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE PRODUCTS FOR HOLIDAY GIFT-GIVING: Gift baskets; Appalachian and Third World crafts; cotton clothing; calendars; Nicaraguan coffee; toys; books; records—all through the Co-op America catalgue representing over 60 progressive businesses. Plus access to health insurance and investment opportunities. Send $1 to Co-op America, 2100 M Street N.W., Suite 310-3, Washington, DC 20063.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 19 years experience, psychodynamically oriented, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA

Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living, and community work. Apply now for August, September and October sessions.

Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 70 Greenwich Avenue, No. 559, New York, NY 10011. (212) 777-1197.

FILMS

GUIDE to FILMS on APARTHEID

An evaluative directory of 45 of the best films on apartheid, with a special section on the Southern African region. Send $2.50 to **Media Network**, 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. Bulk prices available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

MISCELLANEOUS

MAKE REMEMBERING EASY with Occasional Reminder Service. Box 491250, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33349. For information send SASE or 25 cents.

ORGANIZATIONS

NEW ENGLAND ATHEIST: stay informed, meet others. Information $1. American Atheists, Box 147, East Walpole, MA 02032.

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with The Nation? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

WOMAN 58. Fairly literate. Still alive, optimistic. Seeks companion. V.H., Box 24951, Rochester, NY 14624.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-A, Berkeley, CA 94707

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles. 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

CENTRAL AMERICA RESOURCE CENTER seeking director. National information clearinghouse provides computer-assisted refugee legal support and public education services. Director will develop and supervise all projects. Responsible for raising substantial budget. Proven administrative and fund-raising ability essential. Writing skills, background in Central America issues, Spanish desirable. Salary $20-25,000 with benefits. Send resume, cover letter with relevant skills, three references to: Search Committee, CARC, Box 2327, Austin, TX 78704, by November 1.

ORGANIZER IN WASTE ALTERNATIVES with the Toxics Project of the New York Public Interest Research Group, Inc. (NYPIRG). Organizer will coordinate the efforts of a wide variety of citizen and environmental groups throughout New York State (primarily in the New York City metropolitan area), develop organizing materials, help coordinate the project at NYPIRG campus and citizen outreach offices, and lobby local, state and federal officials. Salary $10,000 to $15,000 plus full health benefits. Send resume and cover letter to Steven Romalewski, c/o NYPIRG, 9 Murray Street, New York, NY 10007.

ALTERNATIVE JOB/INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITIES! The environment, women's rights, disarmament, media, health, community organizing, and more. Current nationwide listings, $3. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1105, 1520 16th Street N.W., Washington DC 20036.

POSITIONS DESIRED

EXPERIENCED FREELANCE technical writer/editor moving to San Diego this fall. Seeking employment. Have own word processor, printer and modem. Write to: WRITE ON, Box 55, Shelton, CT 06484 or leave message at (203) 736-2778.

PUBLICATIONS

MEXICO now exists in a delicate political, social and economic balance. Debt, infrastructure and environmental crises are stimulating political change. Read a concise monthly report to keep up. $49 per year or $5 for a sample copy. The MEXICO LETTER, Box 13675, Denver, CO 80201.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, 100-page Historic Preservation Resourcebook. Special prices for bulk orders.

INDEXES OF THE NATION 1976 to 1980 are now available. All articles from this period are indexed by subject, author and title, with the book reviews and reviewers indexed separately. $6 per year, $8 for foreign delivery (price includes postage). Make checks payable to The Nation and send order to: The Nation, Index, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. Issues from 1976 to 1980 are also available.

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS. William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40. Make checks/money order payable to The Nation Institute and send to: "Hiss," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE ROSENBERG DEBATE TRANSCRIPT AND TAPES. The historic debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at Town Hall on October 20, 1983, can be purchased in typed transcript and/or cassette tape form. Complete transcripts are available for $24 each; tape cassettes are $19 each. Special discounts are available on orders of five or more. Make checks/money order payable to *The Nation Institute and send to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation,* 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. If you'd like more information, call (212) 242-8400.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1. (U Repair). Also delinquent tax property. Call (805) 687-6000, ext GH-3596 for information.

RECIPES

EASY—EGGLESS CHOCOLATE MOUSSE, incredible versatile marinara sauce (italian tomato sauce) plus much more valuable culinary information. Send $3 to C.G.F. Service, 177 Riverside Avenue, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

SPECIAL JAPANESE RECIPES! Beef, seafood sukiyakies, shrimp, vegetable tempura, beef yakiniku, and chicken karaage. Super delicious dips and sauces. Great party food, too. $2.50 to Kikue Small, 64 Blake Road, Brookline, MA 02146.

RELIGION

136 + BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, 49 Biblical Absurdities, More! $3. Crusade Publications, Box 200-U, Redmond, WA 98052.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION

JESUS PROSPERS—CONQUER debt, loneliness, fear. Stamped envelope to: Box 20173, Cherokee Station, 1539 First Avenue, New York, NY 10028.

RESEARCH

FACTS FAST! Complete database searching at reasonable rates. Horizon Research, 2966 Diamond, Suite 160, San Francisco, CA 94131; (415) 585-7764.

TRAVEL

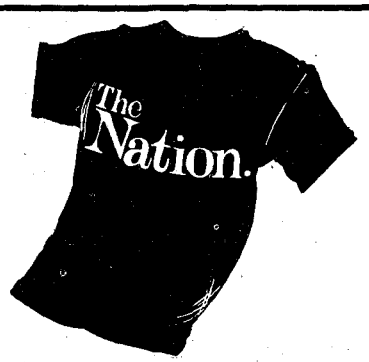
NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. 1985 departures: October 14, November 4, December 9. Information: Alice McGrath, Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

T-SHIRTS

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT SALE!

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 115
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL
Visa & MC



RADICAL RAGS—The Nation T-shirt. Comfortable (100% cotton), sleek (white lettering on black T-shirt) and inexpensive ($8.95 each, includes postage). S,M,L,XL. Send order to The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10011. New York State residents add sales tax.

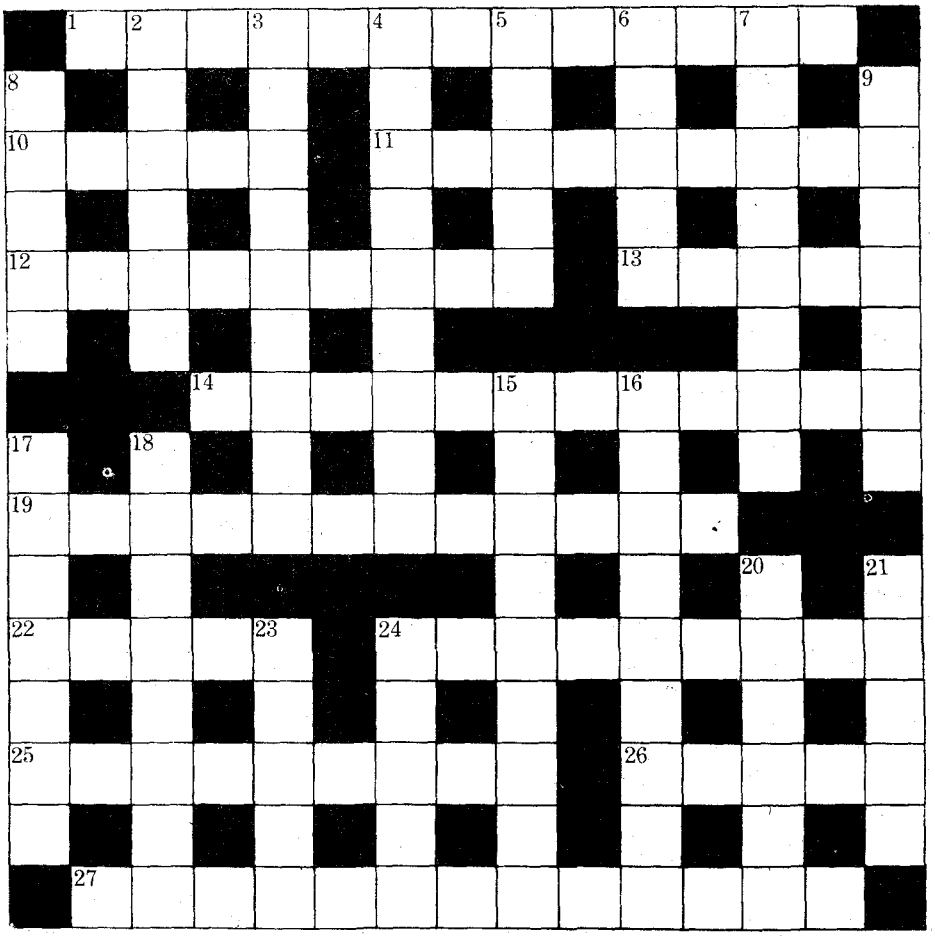
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2070

H	E	A	V	I	S	I	D	E	■	L	A	Y	E	R
A	■	R	■	N	■	R	■	A	■	I	■	U	■	O
P	I	C	A	D	O	R	■	G	O	L	U	C	K	Y
P	■	H	■	I	■	I	■	L	■	T	■	A	■	A
Y	A	W	■	C	Y	G	N	E	T	■	E	T	A	L
■	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	H	■	A	■	I
B	A	Y	S	T	A	T	E	■	F	A	I	N	T	S
L	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	B	■	L	■	■	■	T
A	R	A	G	O	N	■	A	L	L	F	O	U	R	S
C	■	R	■	N	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	M	■	■
K	I	C	K	■	C	O	R	N	E	R	■	B	A	T
E	■	A	■	B	■	A	■	D	■	U	■	R	■	O
Y	O	D	E	L	E	R	■	A	T	T	R	A	C	T
E	■	I	■	E	■	M	■	S	■	H	■	G	■	A
S	T	A	N	D	■	S	T	A	R	S	H	E	L	L

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA UNION LABEL NEW YORK X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2071

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The life story of a car? (You couldn't make one for me!) (13)
10 Stick where you can find F and all the rest. (5)
11 The art of discussion, when "laid back," gets hectic (except for the start.) (9)
12 Serving as a barrier for one who disposes of Amtrak stock illegally? (4,5)
13 High-up Dragon? (His measures were severe!) (5)
14 Standing Pat? You might be, with this! (5,7)
19 One seldom sees them playing by themselves. (12)
22 A chow isn't one, but one speaks of the chow type. (5)
24 Unhappy? Don't put out so many locomotives! (9)
25 The singers don't have 19 this way. (1,8)
26 As a consequence, fall into this—in a lower form of 22, perhaps. (5)
27 Smothered in a blanket, by the sound of it? Very true! (4-2-3-4)

DOWN

2 How some things are better left to help out, after the sun cracks the top. (6)
3 One might by tossing out the first question—since Rome's ruins are obviously not closed down. (4,5)
4 Strangely enough, do asinine people come from here? (9)
5 People were said to be given a whiff of it by the militarists—with such getting shot. (5)
6 Some try to get this with a boss. (5)
7 Crusoe's exclamation on seeing Friday's footprints? (They might appear in entrance.) (8)
8 A little 22 laughed to see such, showing a singular deviation! (5)
9 Radar is a good example, with a wrecked car on my coming up. (7)
15 A little bluing might help secure it, and make a bad thing look good. (9)
16 An opinion to bury, given to a reporter, perhaps. (9)
17 Catch Father running around the capital of Holland, or some other city! (7)
18 The goal of Rightists? (8)
20 When things do, one hears again and again—"Cohere? It's wrong!" (6)
21 Those who employ things badly, like the U.S.S.R. around the European capital. (5)
23 In short, made two copies to be taken in. (5)
24 Find the name of the officer shortly, in here. (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak." *"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."*

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough." *"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."*

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..." *"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the "white male problem"--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."*

--Cokie Roberts, National Public Radio's congressional correspondent.

"I'm high on bein' alive, cause all of my friends are dead...I'd rather be a living legend than a dead legend."

--Rock star Little Richard, in an interview with host Bob Edwards, on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

National Public Radio brings you the comments of the people who make the news. And the people who interpret it. With "Morning Edition" weekday mornings. And "All Things Considered" every evening.

Tune in for news that takes you beyond the headlines and into the minds of thoughtful people.

For a list of the more than 300 NPR member stations, call toll-free 800-822-2300 or 202-822-2331. Or send a postcard to: STATION LIST, National Public Radio, Audience Services, 2025 M St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

National Public Radio

Worth every minute.

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED